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NARNIA™ Solo Games

IRON CROWN · 0-425-11276-4 · ($3.95 CANADA) · $2.95 U.S.

I.C.E.

A Game by
Rob Bell

RETURN OF THE WHITE WITCH™

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ADVENTURE IN NARNIA!

Now, Aslan will challenge you to show honor, courage, and courtesy during your own adventures in Narnia. But fear not — if you fail to do the Lion's bidding, just play again! And keep in mind Prince Rilian's words to Jill, Eustace, and Puddleglum the Marshwiggle.

"Friends, when once a man is launched on such an adventure as this, he must bid farewell to hopes and fears, otherwise death or deliverance will both come too late to save his honor and reason."

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NARNIA™ Solo Games

Based on
The Chronicles of Narnia
by C.S. Lewis

RETURN OF THE WHITE WITCH™

by Rob Bell

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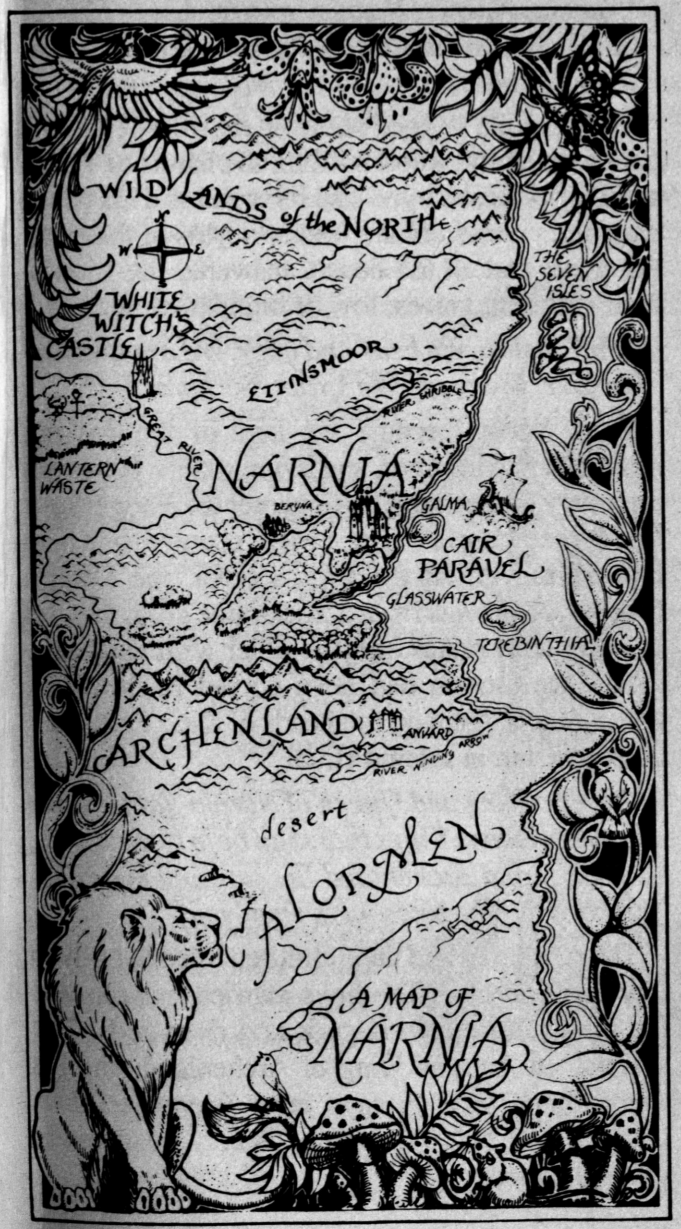
An Introduction to the Land of Narnia

Based on the works of one of the greatest fantasy writers of all time, ***Narnia Solo Games***™ invite the reader into the magical realm of daring children, talking animals, evil witches, Aslan the Lion, and noble kings and queens. The enchanted land of Narnia, rich in conflict and wonder, provides the perfect background for solo games. Welcome to the fantasy and excitement of C.S. Lewis' Narnia!

The Founding of Narnia

Near the very beginning (but not quite exactly at it), the Lion named Aslan opened his mouth and blew a long, warm breath over the creatures who stood in a wide circle around him. There were rabbits and moles and badgers. There were dogs and leopards and horses. There was even a pair of elephants! The beasts swayed as though pushed by a strong wind, and clear, silvery voices from beyond the sky (it was the stars) sang in chorus. A quick flash like lightning (that burnt nobody) made every drop of blood in the animals' bodies tingle. Then Aslan spoke in a deep, wild voice.



"Narnia, Narnia, Narnia, awake. Love. Think. Speak. Be walking trees. Be talking beasts. Be divine waters."

Wild people stepped out from the trees, gods and goddeses of the wood holding the hands of Fauns and Dwarfs and Satyrs. The river god and his Naiad daughters rose from the watery depths of the river. All these and all the beasts answered the Lion in their different voices, low or high, thick or clear.

"Hail, Aslan. We hear and obey. We are awake. We love. We think. We speak. We know."

Thus Narnia became the land of the Talking Animals, waking trees, and living waters. It was not a country of men (as Trufflehunter the Badger later told Prince Caspian), but it was a country for a man to be King of. At the Lion's order, the Dwarfs forged two crowns from a tree of true gold; they set the one with rubies and the other with emeralds. When the crowns had been cooled in the river, Aslan placed them on the heads of King Frank and Queen Helen in solemn ritual.

"Rise up King and Queen of Narnia, father and mother of many Kings that shall be in Narnia and the Isles and Archenland. Be just and merciful and brave. The blessing is upon you."

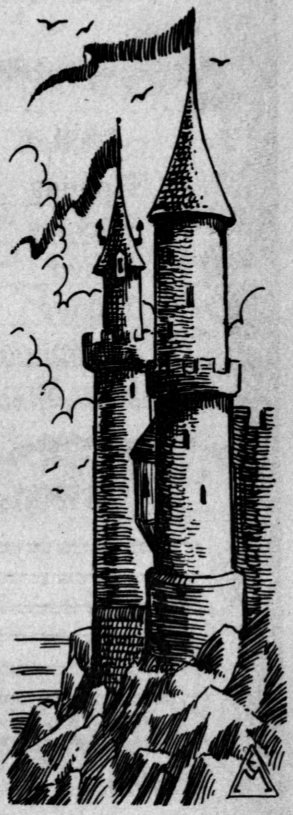
The royal pair and their children lived happily in that pleasant land. The boys married nymphs and the girls married wood-gods and river-gods. The second son became King of Archenland, and his descendants were always great friends to their cousins in Narnia. And their subjects prospered in joy and peace.

Many hundreds of years later, evil came to Narnia. A wicked Witch brought the snow and ice of everlasting winter: a winter that would last one hundred years without Christmas or Spring. Four children (named Peter, Susan, Edmund, and Lucy) brought an end to her rule and took the four thrones in Cair Paravel at Aslan's command.

Adventure in Narnia

Now, Aslan will challenge you to show honor, courage, and courtesy during your own adventures in Narnia. But fear not — if you fail to do the Lion's bidding, just play again! And keep in mind Prince Rilian's words to Jill, Eustace, and Puddleglum the Marshwiggle:

"Friends, when once a man is launched on such an adventure as this, he must bid farewell to hopes and fears, otherwise death or deliverance will both come too late to save his honor and reason."



Go now, and seek the adventure that Aslan sends!

Character Record

Name:

Skill	Bonus
Fighting	_____
Trickery	_____
Action	_____
Talking	_____
Perception	_____
Inner Strength	_____

Treasures & Equipment:

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

NOTES:

Character Record

Name:

Skill	Bonus
Fighting	_____
Trickery	_____
Action	_____
Talking	_____
Perception	_____
Inner Strength	_____

Treasures & Equipment:

_____
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NOTES:

USING THE GAMEBOOK

This gamebook describes hazards, situations, and locations that may be encountered during your adventures. As you read the text sections, you will be given choices as to what actions you may take. What section you read will depend on the directions and whether the actions you attempt succeed or fail.

THE GAMEBOOK

Text sections are labeled with three-digit numbers (e.g.,"123"). Read each section only when told to do so. Often text sections will direct your "movement" in areas described by the text. In these cases, it can be very useful for you to keep track of what you encounter and where you go (i.e., you should record and map your path of travel).

PICKING A NUMBER

Many times during your adventures you will need to ***pick a number*** (between 2 and 12). There are several ways for you to do this:

1) If you have two six-sided dice, roll them. The result is the number which you have picked. (You can also roll one six-sided die twice and add the results.) **or**
2) Flip to a random page in the book and look at the small boxed number in the inside, bottom corner of the page. This number is the number which you have picked. **or**
3) Turn to the Random Number Table at the end of this gamebook, use a pencil (or finger or pen or similar object), close your eyes, and touch the Random Number Table with the pencil. The number touched is the number which you have *picked*. If your pencil falls on a line, try again.

Whenever you are instructed to ***pick a number*** *and add a "bonus"*, treat results of more than 12 as "12" and treat results of less than 2 as "2".

Your Character

Choosing a Character

There are two ways to choose a character:

1) You can use the completely created character provided on the opposite page. If you choose this option, read the "Background" section just before the "Prologue" **or**
2) You can create your own character using the blank *Character Record* and the simple character development system included in the next section of this book.

Treasures and Equipment

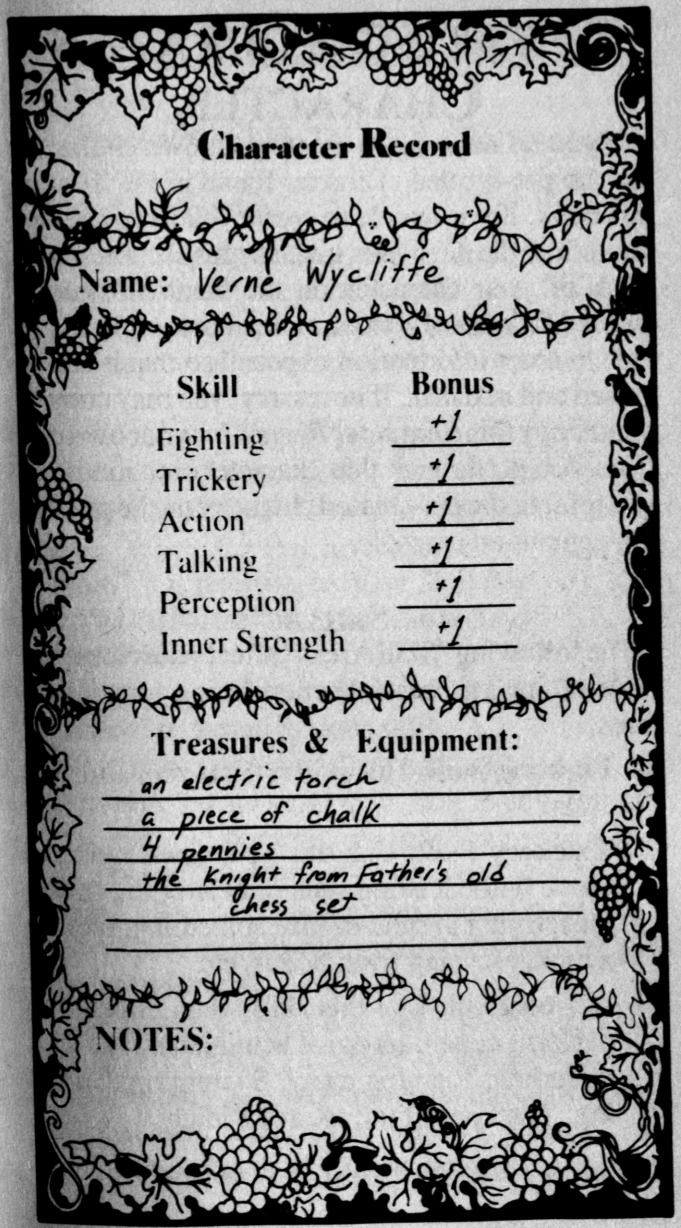
Whenever you acquire treasures and equipment, record them on your *Character Record* in the provided spaces. Certain equipment may affect your abilities; the text will show you how.

Skill Bonuses

For each skill on your *Character Record*, you have a Bonus that is used when you attempt certain actions. When the text instructs you to *"add your bonus"*, it is referring to these *Skill Bonuses*. For an explaination of these skills refer to the Creating Your Own Character section.

Starting to Play

After reading the rules above, begin your adventures by reading the Prologue found after the rules section. From this point on, read sections as indicated by the text.



Creating Your Own Character

If you do not want to create your own character, use the pre-created character found in the front of this book. If you decide to create your own character, follow the directions given in this section. Keep track of your character on the blank *Character Record* found in the front of this book. It is advisable to enter information in pencil so that it can be erased and updated. If necessary, you may copy or photocopy this *Character Record* for your own use.

As you go through this character creation process, refer to the pre-created character on the preceding page as an example.

Skills

The following "Skill Areas" affect your chance of undertaking a successful action during your adventures.

1) **Fighting Skill:** This skill reflects your ability to fight.
2) **Trickery Skill:** Use this skill when trying to move without being seen or heard (i.e., sneaking), trying to steal or take something, picking a lock, escaping from bonds, etc.
3) **Action Skill:** Use this skill when directed to perform certain physical activities by the text, including: Running away, Swimming, Climbing, Tracking, Hunting, and Riding.

4) **Talking Skill:** This skill reflects your ability to talk with and gain information from intelligent beings.
5) **Perception Skill:** This skill reflects how much information you gather through observation and exploration.
6) **Inner Strength:** Not really a skill, it is a representation of your goodness and your resistance to the forces of evil. During an adventure it may change due to your actions and reactions.

Skill Bonuses

For each of these skills, you will have a Skill Bonus that is used when you attempt certain actions. When the text instructs you to "*add your bonus*," it is referring to these Skill Bonuses. Keep in mind that these "bonuses" can be negative as well as positive.

When you start your character, you have six "+1 bonuses" to assign to your skills.

You may assign more than one "+1 bonuses" to a given skill, but no more than three to any one skill. Thus, two "+1 bonuses" assigned to a skill will be a "+2 bonus", and three "+1 bonuses" will be a "+3 bonus". Each of these bonuses should be recorded in the space next to the appropriate skill on your Character Record.

If you do not assign any "+1 bonuses" to a skill, you must record a "-2 bonus" in that space.

During play you may acquire equipment or injuries that may affect your bonuses. Record these modifications in the "Bonus" spaces.

BACKGROUND

(Read this section if you are using the Pre-created Character)

Out from the steep, gorse-grown bluff and over the merry, chuckling brook you swoop. Then, up and up into the summer sky filled with towering cloud castles and circling, soaring swifts. The sun dazzles your eyes as the swing pauses. Then, you start the rush back: down and down through birdsong and the fragrance of clover and rustling breezes, past the smooth trunk of the beech tree around whose thickest bough the long ropes of the swing wrap. To and fro — it's like flying!

The clopping of horses' hooves mingles with the hum of bees and the lowing of cows. A pony trots from the shadow of the woods into the meadow. The boy in its saddle can only be Jeremy Trevisian. The smile leaves your face. You watch silently, letting the swing slow, while Jeremy spurs his mount toward the stile in the wall surrounding the grazing pasture. He's a bruising rider, but not a very nice playmate. You remember the last time he teased you about watching a pair of robins build their nest. "You sissy! You want to eat bugs?" And he thrust a long, pink worm in your face! Ugh! But Jeremy is the least of your troubles.

Mother and Father have been acting so peculiarly the last few days. Mother doesn't tell you a bedtime story anymore when she tucks you in. And last night, she didn't tuck you in at all. (Mr. Trevisian did it.) And Father won't play with you — no romps on the daisy-sprinkled lawn, no trips to the carousel in the park, no boisterous singing contests in the long afternoons. Don't they love you anymore?

The swing has stopped, and you scuff your shoes in the dust. "Maybe I'll run away to Africa," you mutter. "I'll run away and never come back and get eaten by lions and captured by savages and..." A tear spills over and runs down your cheek. Mother said that you would soon have a little brother or sister. What if they don't miss you at all? They'll tuck the baby into your bed, and read to it from your favorite books, and give it your teddy bear to cuddle, and make cherry tarts for it to eat. Another tear follows the first one.

Jeremy is gone now. After his pony cleared the stile in a beautifully clean jump, he disappeared into the trees on the other side of the pasture. You start swinging again. What did Mr. Trevisian say yesterday? You crinkle your forehead, thinking. Oh, yes! "This is a difficult time for your Mother and Father, young one. It will pass soon, and they'll have time for you again. Never fear, after the new baby arrives all will be well." Then he smiled and gave your shoulders a squeeze. Maybe he's right. Perhaps Mother and Father truly do love you. Didn't they say they always would?!

The Return of the White Witch

by

Rob Bell

Prologue

It was only yesterday that you found the cave. You and Jeremy were exploring the pine forest on the hill behind the barn when you noticed a dark hole in the steep slope. It could have been hidden for years beneath the towering pine which blew down in last week's storm. Although the opening seemed barely large enough to squeeze through, the tunnel widened into a large chamber just a little deeper within the earth.

Needless to say, finding a cave cheered you immensely — truth be told, you were feeling rather sorry for yourself. You had begged your parents not to bring you to Mr. Trevisian's house: there was never anything to do at Brindlethatch Manor. Besides, the only other child for miles around was Mr. Trevisian's son, Jeremy. Last summer (when you spent two weeks at the farm), you could never tell whether Jeremy (who was alternately pompous and pitiful) hated you or just found you boring. And he always acted so superior. No matter what you did, it just wasn't good enough. This summer, since the visit began, your parents have been so busy talking about grown-up things with Mr. Trevisian that they scarcely take time to tuck you in at night. All in all, it has been a perfectly dreadful vacation.

But everything changed when you and Jeremy found the cave. Since the day was almost over (with the trees casting long shadows against the hillside), the two of you decided to explore first thing in morning. It is almost impossible to fall asleep. After all, who can guess what might be in the cave? Perhaps you will find ancient cave drawings or buried treasure. Or maybe a dangerous criminal used the cave for a hideout, like Injun Joe in Tom Sawyer. With these thoughts whirling in your head, the night is long and dark. At least you have a secret (and a wonderful one at that).

With a start you awake from a dream — morning has arrived at last. The sun streams through the open window, and it's just cold enough to make you glad for the comforter on the bed. You get dressed and quickly gather the equipment you collected last night: an electric torch, a piece of chalk, some rope from the work shed, a light jacket and a cheese sandwich. While the torch and the chalk fit easily into your pocket, you can't seem to jam the jacket, cheese sandwich, and rope into your knapsack — you'll have to leave something behind. *Choose two of these items and mark them down on your character sheet, along with the chalk and electric torch.*

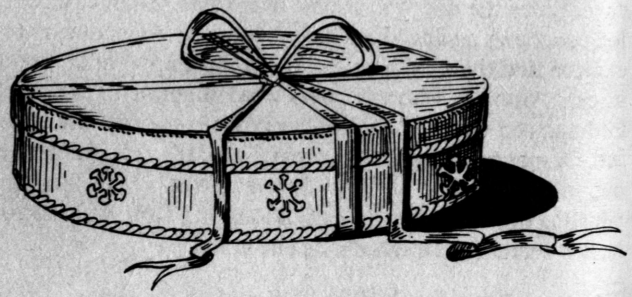
Pulling the knapsack up over your shoulders, you tiptoe down the hall to Jeremy's room. As usual, he isn't very happy to see you.

"About time you got here," he says in an imperious voice.

Opening his backpack, Jeremy shows you a ball of twine. "It'll keep me from getting lost. C'mon, let's go." The two of you trot downstairs to the kitchen of the farmhouse, and Jeremy opens the door.

Suddenly you feel a pang of regret. Neither your parents nor Mr. Trevisian know where you are going. While an early morning expedition is nothing new, your mother will begin to worry if you aren't home by lunch. It might be best to leave a note telling her where you are going and when you'll be back. On the other hand, if you stay and write a note, Jeremy will think you're a sissy. He might leave without you.

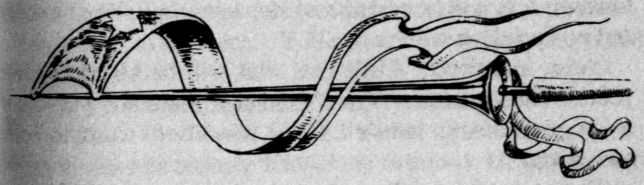
- *If you stay and write a note,* ***turn to 137.***
- *If you leave immediately,* ***turn to 300.***



100

Trailhunter smiles a big, doggy smile, but then grows serious. "Your Majesty, we'll have to plan our strategy. If what you say is right, the Witch and her army are already well on their way to Cair Paravel. We could save some time by taking paths they don't know about, but no matter which direction we go, they'll get there first. I'd like to wait until Terrus and his band gets here, but it might be too late. You're our leader, what should we do?"

- *If you leave for Cair Paravel immediately,* ***turn to 174.***
- *If you wait for Terrus,* ***turn to 396.***



101

The only fair thing to do is tell the Narnians that you don't want or intend be their monarch. You get to your feet, a bit unsteady because of all the food. "Narnians," you begin, "I have something important that I must say, but I'm not sure how to say it, because many of you won't like it very much. I...er...I don't really think I can be your ruler." There is some rustling at the end of the table and more than a little muttering. "I came to help you because Aslan brought me here, but I don't believe I'd make a very good leader."

Suddenly, a deep, joyful voice fills the orchard. "And you are wiser, child, for recognizing it." Looking up, you see Aslan standing between two apple trees. Your eyes meet. "So I made the right choice, Aslan?"

"Yes, child, you saw the truth clearly. Too many of your fellows become leaders of nations when they haven't the ability, and great evil is the result. Would that every child of Adam and Eve had the wisdom and courage to recognize his or her limitations."

Tumnus raises his hand. "Aslan, if this is true, what will become of us? Narnia is not a human's country, yet it is a country for Adam and Eve's blood to rule. What will we do?"

"Narnians," replies Aslan gently. "One day you will have a human King, and from where you least expect it. But that time is many years off, and neither your children nor your children's children will be so ruled. Do not despair, and do not wait for your ruler to appear. Are you not Talking Beasts? You will see fit to rule yourselves until your King arrives."

There is a small disturbance among the creatures, and Twitterleaf the Squirrel leaps right in front of Aslan's nose. "But Aslan, who will our new King be? Will he be tall and handsome, or will he be dark and menacing, or will he be short and powerful, or will he be..."

Aslan interrupts. "Little one, that will be his story, not yours." The Lion turns to you. "And now, Narnians, you must bid your benefactor farewell. Child, it is time to return to your own world."

There are many sighs and sobs and tears, especially from your best friends. All of them huddle around you, wishing you a "safe trip" and "good luck." You collect many snuffly hugs, and more than once you feel like crying, if only a little bit. When everyone is finished, Aslan leads you down onto the beach. He looks deep within your eyes. "Child, you have done well. Know this and be joyful. When you return to your world, remember what you have learned in this one." ***Turn to 161.***

102

Turning away from the Raccoon, you begin to talk with Ripkin. The Dwarf tells you he is just visiting Cair Paravel; he usually lives far from the sea. Before you can ask about his home, Mrs. Beaver brings out the main course: delicately grilled fish, lightly basted with lemon juice and butter. Although you don't recognize the taste (it is pavender, which lives only in the seas of Narnia), it is wonderful: there are no bones and the flaky, lemon-buttery fish dissolves in your mouth.

Along with the pavender, there are green beans, piping-hot rolls with creamy butter, and fresh cheeses of every size and flavor — selected by the mice, of course. Finally, to wash it down are wines of all colors — yellow, white, red, and even purple. Although you don't expect to like it, the Narnian wine is delightful; and the long- stemmed glasses make you feel quite grown-up.

Ripkin is talking quietly to a Satyr sitting at the table behind him. From the way they keep looking up, it seems obvious they are talking about you. After a few minutes, the Dwarf finishes his conversation and turns back to you.

"I'm glad that's over. My friend and I were just talking about how odd it was that you have come to Narnia now." Ripkin lowers his voice. "You see, not everything fares right with this land."

"Isn't Aslan taking care of you?" you ask.

"Aslan." The Dwarf scowls. "Aslan hasn't been seen in Narnia since he brought King Peter to power. He had enough time to save Archenland, but not nearly enough time for Narnia. Things are not going well in Narnia, whatever Tumnus says. This land needs some sort of powerful leader, one who can make rules and keep them. You can't expect a Faun to make a good king — you need someone strong, someone who will keep everyone in line."

"What's been so wrong?" you ask.

"Oh, nothing so serious as Trailhunter and Sallowpad would make out, although what's happened is bad enough. There's been a Werewolf seen in the Lantern Waste, and someone has been poking about the Fords of Beruna. And some say that there've been people digging in the Haunted Castle — that's the castle the White Witch used when she was Queen of Narnia."

All this sounds pretty serious to you. "Why hasn't anyone done anything about it?"

Ripkin scowls again. "It's all that talk about the Lion. Aslan will do this, Aslan will do that. If you ask me, it's just Narnians afraid to do something themselves." ***Turn to 151.***

103

Even though what they are saying is no doubt important, you don't dare sneak up closer to listen — that would be foolhardy. The tall man continues to point at spots along the bank, and the Dwarfs continue to dig. Finally, a Dwarf shouts and holds up what looks like two small, shiny pieces of metal. The tall man puts the mysterious objects in his robe pockets, and the group gradually breaks up. The Black Dwarfs head up the river valley with their tools, while the tall man and the Wolves start moving down the road away from Cair Paravel.

Where are they going? You start down the hill toward the Ford, hoping to find some clues. Suddenly something under the pier begins to move. A small, sopping wet creature pulls himself out and flops down on the riverbank, gasping for air — it's Brinetooth!

You run down the hill to the Water Rat. Maybe he can tell you what he heard. You arrive, breathless, just as Brinetooth starts to light his pipe. ***Turn to 184.***

104

"Speed is very important, Fleetfoot. Let's go as close as we can."

Fleetfoot breaks into a gallop, and the two of you quickly near the River. Rounding a final bend, you see a terrifying sight: the Fords are crawling with evil creatures! There are Wolves aplenty and Black Dwarfs with shovels and picks. In the middle stands the tall, thin man from the courtyard last night.

- *If you try to turn around before the villains see you,* ***turn to 327.***
- *If you ride up to them,* ***turn to 272.***

105

Looking desperately around the room, you spy a long poker lying next to the fireplace. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Fighting bonus:*

- *If 2-8,* ***turn to 108.***
- *If 9-12,* ***turn to 109.***

106

This is what your hear:

"So, Ripkin, is everything going according to schedule? I've been cooped up guarding the child since we caught it."

"Well, Grackle, things are going well enough, although they could be better. We were able to get Trailhunter to go chasing after spooks, so the soldiers are scattered all over Narnia. We just finished at the Fords of Beruna — we found her wand right where the Warlock said it would be. And we've got the brat."

"So that's two parts ready, and two more to go?"

"Right. The Warlock is taking some Wolves out to the Lantern to get the flame, and after that he'll head up to the Haunted Castle to find her old Copper Bottle. Once we've got all the pieces put together, it won't matter what Trailhunter does — it'll be too late. I doubt even the Lion could beat her a second time."

"When do we move the child of Adam and Eve?"

"Not long. We've got to remember to blindfold the brat before we go anywhere. We wouldn't want an escape."

"Don't worry. That's already taken care of. In a few minutes Hardhoof the Satyr will be coming back. With his help, the child won't be any trouble." ***Turn to 282.***

107

Trailhunter's growls are threatening: something about the old woman is putting him on guard. You drop to one knee and whisper in his ear, "What's wrong?"

Trailhunter's voice is a low rumble. "I'll be a pup if she's what she seems. Until two days ago, there were no humans in Narnia. Now two? I'll wager my nose that she's a Hag."

A Hag! You're no match for an evil witch and her sorcery! If the Bloodhound's right, this could be very dangerous indeed. But on the other hand, she looks just like an innocent old lady. You'd hate to make a mistake.

- *If you approach the old woman in a friendly manner,* ***turn to 140.***
- *If you attack the old woman,* ***turn to 345.***
- *If you walk past the crone, ignoring her,* ***turn to 391.***

108

Grabbing the poker, you swing at Grackle, who jumps to get out of the way. But before you can turn around, Ripkin leaps from behind, forcing you to the ground. The two of you wrestle over and over on the floor, and the poker is knocked from your grasp.

Suddenly Grackle grabs you in a powerful bearhug. You can gain no leverage, and the two Dwarfs force you to the ground. Then, while Ripkin holds you down, Grackle ties your hands tightly behind your back. As they tie a blindfold over your eyes, Hardhoof the Satyr steps through the doorway. ***Turn to 312.***

109

Grabbing the poker, you swing at Grackle who leaps to get out of the way. You wheel and clout Ripkin on the top of his head. The Dwarf staggers and falls. Grackle backs up, but the poker provides a long reach, and you wallop him hard on his thigh. He spins into a wall, and then draws out his sword. A poker is no match for a sword! Dropping the poker, you grab your knapsack (which was on a nearby table) and run for the outside with Grackle limping close behind. ***Turn to 291.***

110

The small army quickly covers the last mile to Cair Paravel. You, Trailhunter, Terrus the Centaur, and all the Talking Animals exchange a good luck salute. Nearer the castle, the clash of swords and the cries of combatants mingle with the rumble of hooves and the patter of paws. In a final dash, your company bursts into the clearing surrounding Cair Paravel.

No adventure book could have prepared you for the scene that meets your eyes: strewn along the meadow, the Talking Animals of Narnia struggle against the wicked beasts loyal to the White Witch. The two sides are drawn up in a ragged line, the Narnians with the walls of the castle at their backs. Dryads battle Hags, Red Dwarfs exchange arrows with Black Dwarfs, and Talking Dogs snap at Wolves. In the midst of the chaos is the White Witch, towering above friend and foe alike. She brandishes the wand from the Stone Table, and several statues surround her — opponents she has turned to stone.

As you draw your weapon, some of the Narnians rally. Mr. Beaver, along with a Leopard and a Lioness, rush the Witch. Even as the Witch turns, the Leopard springs.

Faster than lightning, the Witch steps aside and glares at the ferocious cat. "Beast!" she cries. "How dare you!" To your horror, she points the wand at the Leopard, and in an instant he, too, is turned to stone.

Trailhunter catches you eye. "Now, your Majesty! We don't have a moment to spare. We have to stop her!"

- *If you immediately charge the Witch,* ***turn to 222.***
- *If you fight her army,* ***turn to 241.***

111

Swinging the weapon in a sweeping arc, you take a step toward the Dwarfs, who back away. Then Ripkin and Grackle draw their own swords which are gleaming and sharp. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Fighting bonus (and don't forget to add 1 for your weapon):*

- *If 2-8,* ***turn to 112.***
- *If 9-12,* ***turn to 113.***

112

You jab fiercely at Grackle, but you have had no experience with swordfighting. The two Dwarfs close in from opposite directions, backing you into a corner. Suddenly Ripkin swings his sword with a peculiar twist and your blade goes flying across the room. Before you can turn around, Grackle leaps onto your back, knocking you off balance. The two of you wrestle over and over on the floor.

Then, as you roll on top, Ripkin grabs you in a powerful bearhug. You can gain no leverage, and the two Dwarfs force you to the ground. While Ripkin holds you down, Grackle ties your hands tightly behind your back. As a blindfold is put over your eyes, Hardhoof the Satyr steps into the doorway. ***Turn to 312.***

113

Although you have never been in a swordfight before, the blade seems little more than an extension of your arm. You swing low at Ripkin, forcing him to leap sideways, then thrust toward Grackle, who falls back into the room that was your prison. Turning again to Ripkin, you swing high, forcing him to duck, then kick him in the chin. Ripkin reels back into the prison with Grackle.

You slam the door shut and lock it. There's no telling how long the lock will hold or how long until Hardhoof the Satyr arrives, but you're free now! Your armor and knapsack are on the table, so you quickly don the chainmail tunic and sling the pack over your shoulder. Then, without further delay, you dash outside. ***Turn to 291.***

114

Pressed against the door, you wait for the Dwarfs to open it. Billows of smoke drift from the fire, and in the windowless room you can scarcely breathe. You begin to choke, and moments later faint to the floor.

You wake up when Grackle dumps a bucket of cold water over your head. Your hands have been tied behind your back, and Hardhoof the Satyr stands over you.

"Little idiot set his mattress on fire," Ripkin comments to the Satyr. Then, looking down at you with a sneer, the Dwarf adds, "You shouldn't have tried to trick us. If we hadn't come in, you'd have suffocated, fool." With no further words, Ripkin ties a blindfold tightly over your eyes. ***Turn to 312.***

115

Something about the old woman's soft, sly voice makes you nervous — you don't trust her at all.

- *If you take the talisman,* ***turn to 397.***
- *If you run away,* ***turn to 230.***

116

Trying to remember how the Witch used the wand, you point it at her. For a moment, she cowers. Then, with a rush of new courage, she tries to snatch the wand from your hand. Just as her fingers brush yours, you point the wand and will the Witch to turn to stone.

Eerily the Witch continues to move toward you. Slowly, she drifts to a stop, and her body disintegrates into dust. Briefly, the fine particles quiver in the air, retaining the Witch's form. Then some fall to the earth, while the rest blow away in the wind.

But the battle is not yet won. Many Talking Animals seem shocked that you would use the wand to turn someone — even the Witch — into stone. They had thought that only she would do something so terrible. A few lose the will to fight and quietly slink off the field of battle.

Meanwhile, the Warlock rallies the Witch's forces for a final onslaught. And the tide of battle turns against you again. Spectres fly towards the Narnian lines while a Werewolf corners Tumnus the Faun.

You could probably win victory by using the Witch's wand. Imagine it: using the Witch's wand to defeat her own forces! *Subtract 1 from your Inner Strength bonus.*

- *If you attack the evil army with the wand,* ***turn to 119.***
- *If you don't use the wand,* ***turn to 352.***

117

"Trailhunter, what do you mean Aslan brought me here? I haven't told you yet, but I was just exploring a cave..."

Trailhunter interrupts. "Begging your majesty's pardon, but you think you were just exploring a cave near the barn. Tell me something, do many people know about this cave?"

"Well no."

Trailhunter winks at you. "Just what I thought. I'd wager my last ham bone that Aslan intended you to find that cave. Even the Four Monarches came to Narnia accidentally, or so King Edmund said. The Lion works in mysterious ways." ***Turn to 258.***

118

Walking to the door, you ask, "Ripkin, Grackle, what would I have to do for you to let me go?"

Ripkin chuckles. "There's no way we'll be letting you go, your Majesty. The Warlock'd kill us both if you got away. Isn't that right, Grackle?" The other Dwarf mutters.

You continue, "Well, that's too bad, I have this really nice crystal that I might be willing to give you, if you let me out."

"What's that?" Grackle sounds interested. "Where did you get a crystal."

"It was a gift," you answer truthfully.

"I want to see it." says Grackle.

But Ripkin is too quick to be deceived. "Oh, no you don't Grackle. Don't you dare open that door."

"I just want to see what the child has."

"It can wait. We'll open the door when Hardhoof the Satyr gets here. Now keep your mouth shut and stand guard."

"You're right. I guess I'll see it then."

"Oh no, you won't," you say petulantly. "I'll break it first."

Grackle seems to stir. "You see, the child's going to break it. If we don't get it now, we'll never get it. Let me look."

Ripkin's voice is angry. "No! Get away from there."

There is a hurried scuffle outside the door, and then it opens slightly. You see Grackle's leering face at the crack.

"All right now, brat, let's see it."

Pulling the crystal out of your pocket, you twirl it in the lantern's light. The Dwarf sticks his hand out, but you hold the stone just out of reach, forcing him to open the door still wider until finally it is completely open. (You see that Grackle has Ripkin pinned to the floor with his heavy boot.)

This is your chance! The crystal casually slips from your fingers toward the floor. Grackle falls forward to catch it, and you slip out when he lands on his chin.

Realizing his error, Grackle releases Ripkin, and both Dwarfs chase you into the main room. You think you can beat them to the iron-bound front door, but perhaps these jailors deserve to be taught a lesson! *Now erase the Quartz Crystal from your Character Record.*

- *If you run,* ***turn to 121.***
- *If you stay and fight,* ***turn to 226.***

119

Despite the possible consequences, you feel that you must use the wand to defeat the Witch's remaining minions. Looking hastily around the battlefield, you note Tumnus pinned beneath the Werewolf's paw. Swiftly you point the wand, and as easy as a thought, the Werewolf is turned to stone. At the other end of the battlefield, a Satyr carries off Latherpaw. Again you point the wand at the foul beast, turning it into a statue. A Hag, two Spectres, and an Ogre all follow the Satyr's fate.

Moving freely, you turn the wand upon all your foes. Wolves, Wooses, Ettins, and even a Minotaur all fall beneath the wand's sorcery. Gleeful, you stride from one end of the battlefield to the other, turning the Witch's warriors to stone. What fun! Before many minutes have passed, the entire army is retreating — at least those you haven't petrified. You note the Warlock nearing the woods and point the wand at him, turning him to stone moments before he would have reached safety.

Having finished this task, you survey the battlefield with pride. You turned far more beasts into statues than the Witch did. And it wasn't even your wand!

Grinning, you turn to rejoin the Narnians. But to your surprise, you can count very few Talking Beasts on the battlefield. Granted, there are some tending the wounded, but even these seem to shrink away when you approach. Finally, you find Tumnus lying under the tree where the Werewolf attacked him.

"Tumnus," you ask, a bit worried, "what's wrong with everyone? No one wants to talk to me. And, by gum, I was the hero of the battle."

Tumnus looks at you grimly. "Child, look what you have in your hand. Look at what you have done. Even when she was the Queen of Narnia, the Witch never killed this many. We Narnians were looking for a new King Peter or Queen Lucy. Instead, we have found a new White Witch!" Tumnus gets to his feet, favoring the leg that the Werewolf slashed. He looks you in the eye. "Child, we wanted to sing and dance, but you have brought us nothing but sorrow."

You start to explain yourself to the Faun, but realize that it would be useless. And then, looking back over the battlefield, you see a large Lion walking gracefully among the statues. Although not exactly hurrying, the Lion is definitely headed in your direction. For some vague undefinable reason, you feel worried and more than a little afraid.

Aslan approaches (for Aslan it is), and you see tears in his eyes. "Child," he asks, "why have you done this? I did not bring you to Narnia to kill and destroy. There are thousands of warriors and soldiers I could have chosen if mere death were my goal. But I chose you. Think, child. What have you done?"

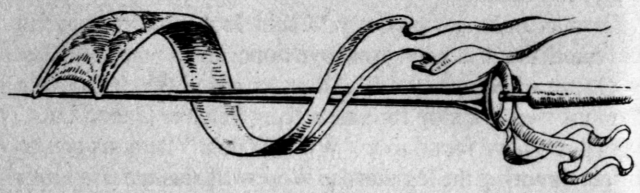
You start to defend your actions, but the protests wither under Aslan's penetrating stare. "I only did what I thought was best," you finally blurt out.

"Yes, child, there was no evil in your heart. But there was evil in your actions. How could something good be built on foundations as wicked as these? No, child, nothing could justify what you have done on this battlefield. Now give me the wand. Enough evil has come of it."

You meekly lay the wand at his feet. Aslan's face brightens, if only a little. "And now child, it is time for you to leave Narnia and return to your own world. You must apply the lessons that you have learned here to the problems you encounter there."

"Will I be able to come back?"

"Only time will tell, child." ***Turn to 375.***



120

Twisting in the Satyr's grip, you try to get rid of the gag. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Action bonus:*

- *If 2-4,* ***turn to 209.***
- *If 5-12,* ***turn to 266.***

121

Without a second thought, you sprint for the arched, iron-bound, front door. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Action bonus:*

- *If 2-6,* ***turn to 384.***
- *If 7-12,* ***turn to 204.***

122

As you hurry forward, the light grows brighter and brighter. Before you have taken a dozen steps, you can see that it is not from the entrance hole where you and Jeremy started your explorations; if anything this opening is larger! You break into a run, eager to see the sun again, but suddenly stop dead in your tracks. Lying between you and the cave mouth is a huge She-bear with two cubs. To the right of the mother is an even larger He- bear. Both adults are bigger than any bears you have ever seen, even in picture-books. They seem to be asleep, but at this distance it is impossible to tell. To your dismay, one of the cubs opens its eyes and looks toward the back of the cave.

- *If you stay still and hope the cub doesn't notice you,* ***turn to 251.***
- *If you try to run out of the cave before the adult bears wake up,* ***turn to 392.***

123

With your back to a tree, you kick the nearest Wolf in the belly.

"You shouldn't have done that brat," growls Canis, preparing to leap. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Fighting bonus:*

- *If 2-7,* ***turn to 158.***
- *If 8-12,* ***turn to 145.***

124

Grabbing your knapsack, you meekly follow the Dwarf out of the Great Hall. Your footsteps are cautious — even if you're doing nothing wrong, why wake everyone up? The two of you cross the moonlit courtyard and enter the South Tower through the ground door. A rickety spiral stairway leads to the basement, and Ripkin quickly goes down with you at his heels. The room at the base of the stairs is small, musty, and dark — there are no windows. It is difficult to see how many people gather there, but you can just make out Ripkin, two more Dwarfs, the Satyr that Ripkin spoke to at dinner, an elderly woman, and a large, shaggy wolf. Several more individuals are hidden in the flickering shadows. Ripkin roughly pushes you into a chair in the middle of the room. ***Turn to 402.***

125

Although you tug at the Pony's mane, your efforts are in vain. Fleetfoot skids to a halt almost directly in front of the tall, sinister man. ***Turn to 329.***

126

You sprint through the woods, but Canis and the wolf pack are relentless. Long before you have reached the Pony, the Wolves surround you like a trapped deer. Canis steps forward.

"You'd better give up now, your Worship." The Wolf's voice is a terrible growl. "Or else we might just get a bit hungry. And it has been so long since I've have had any children to eat..." The Wolf pulls back his lips, revealing a mouthful of wicked-looking fangs.

- *If you surrender,* ***turn to 160.***
- *If you fight,* ***turn to 123.***

127

Suddenly you hear a noise which freezes Fleetfoot in his tracks — a cry of abject terror from behind you. You wheel Fleetfoot around to see who made the piteous sound.

Canis, leader of the Warlock's wolves, is holding a baby Woodchuck by the scruff of her neck; her eyes are wide with fright. Staring directly at you, Canis puts the woodchuck down on the ground and plants his huge paw on her head.

"That was a pretty escape, your Majesty." The royal title hisses like a curse from his lips. "But you haven't quite gotten away. Not unless you want this innocent one to die for you."

The choice is simple: you must give yourself up to free the Woodchuck, or run away and let Canis kill her. Fleetfoot looks up for your command.

- *If you go back to Canis and give yourself up,* ***turn to 308.***
- *If you tell Fleetfoot to keep going,* ***turn to 283.***

128

Near the floor, the air is clear enough to breathe. But it won't do to stay here long! Just in case the Dwarfs can't hear the roaring flames (a pretty unlikely prospect), you shout, "Fire! There's a fire in my room! Help!" ***Turn to 350.***

129

You're not going to get off your Horse — not after all that has already happened. Staying on Fleetfoot's back, you urge the Pony behind some brambles and wait for someone to emerge from the trees. ***Turn to 146.***

130

The Satyr looks concerned, but wary. Placing you on the ground, he slowly removes the gag. But the moment your mouth is free, he clamps his hand down, hard. "You weren't going to start squealing on us, now were you?"

The Satyr's hand hurts terribly, as well as totally spoiling your escape plans. You despairingly shake your head. Your captor carefully replaces the gag and hoists you back on his shoulder. You have lost your chance, and the main gate is soon far behind. ***Turn to 157.***

131

"Good. If Aslan sent you, it means that something's afoot. We'll look for you there." ***Turn to 356.***

132

Having made your decision, you excuse yourself from the Talking Animals and leave the orchard. Walking across the moonlit courtyard, you approach the South Tower. The door is unlocked — as you'd expect — and it opens onto a rickety spiral staircase leading to the cellar. Taking a deep breath, you grasp the bannister and descend.

The room at the bottom of the tower is musty and small, lit by a single, smoky lantern. It is difficult to determine how many people are in the room, but you do see Ripkin, two more Dwarfs, the Satyr that Ripkin spoke to at dinner, an elderly woman, and a large, shaggy wolf. Several more individuals are hidden in the flickering shadows. If Ripkin is angry with you for being so late, his face doesn't show it. The Dwarf points to the one wooden chair in the middle of the room. Avoiding the swinging lantern, you sit down. ***Turn to 402.***

133

Although it is hard to see near the cave entrance (the light is terribly bright) you manage to avoid tripping over anything. One more step and you'll be safely outside. Then, the She-bear's paw whips around your waist and pins you to the cave floor! ***Turn to 316.***

134

You won't give up without a fight! You bring the chair down hard on the Satyr's outstretched hand, then leap at the Dwarfs, kicking and screaming. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Fighting bonus:*

- *If 2-9,* ***turn to 254.***
- *If 10-12,* ***turn to 246.***

135

Having made a decision, you stealthily pad down the hallway. (Even though you're doing nothing wrong, why wake everyone up?) Leaving the Great Hall, you walk across the moonlit courtyard to the South Tower. The door is unlocked — as you'd expect — and it opens onto a rickety spiral staircase leading to the cellar. Taking a deep breath, you grasp the bannister and start down.

The room at the bottom of the tower is musty and small, lit by a single, smoky lantern. It is difficult to see how many people are there, but you do see Ripkin, two more Dwarfs, the Satyr that Ripkin spoke to at dinner, an elderly woman, and a large, shaggy wolf. Several more individuals are hidden in the flickering shadows. Ripkin points to the one wooden chair in the middle of the room. Avoiding the swinging lantern, you sit down. ***Turn to 402.***

136

Though you strain to hear him over the howling wind, you are unable to determine exactly what the Water Rat is saying.

"I'm not sure how much longer I can...the old...taking on a lot of water...Rocks...If she sinks, don't...Try to get to some wood...don't swim, it's too..." ***Turn to 334.***

137

Regardless of what Jeremy thinks, you don't want your mother to worry.

When you tell Jeremy, he looks disgusted. "Do it your way, baby," he says and walks out, slamming the door behind him.

Getting out a pad of paper and a pencil stub, you hastily scribble a few words describing the location of the cave mouth. You promise your mother that you will be home in time for a late lunch. And putting the scrap of paper on the table, you dash outside after Jeremy.

Blinking in the sunlight, you circle around the main house to the barn. The farm is strangely quiet in the morning, far different from the noise and bustle once everyone (and all the animals) have waked up. Morning dew shines from every blade of grass and a light breeze drifts through the fields. Walking into the pine forest, you follow the path to the cave mouth.

It doesn't really surprise you that Jeremy didn't wait outside for you; knowing Jeremy he counted to ten and then went in without looking back. Still, you wish he had waited: it's harder for two people to get lost than just one. Tying your knapsack tightly, you squirm into the dark hole. *Add 1 to your Inner Strength bonus.* ***Turn to 367.***

138

If Sallowpad is pleased at your confession of ignorance, Tumnus looks concerned. "But if you don't know why you're here," says the Faun, "how can we help you? Aslan only sends children to Narnia during times of great danger. But we are prospering. The trees grow larger, there are plenty of seeds and honey, and the rivers run pure. The Calormenes seem preoccupied with other troubles. There are no plagues, no famines, no unsolved mysteries. Why, even the Marshwiggles can hardly complain. What could be so wrong that Aslan sent you here?"

Before you can answer, an elderly He-beaver pushes himself to the front of the crowd. "Begging everyone's pardon, but when the High King and his brother and sisters first arrived in Narnia, they didn't know what to do either. I'm sure that everything will become clear, just as I am sure that Narnia has need for this child, right here, right now. Have faith in the Lion."

The Beaver sits down, but the entire mood in the hall has changed. Tumnus speaks again. "Mr. Beaver is right. Although I fully believe that Narnia is safe, the Lion must have a plan for you. When Queen Lucy the Valiant first arrived from the bright city of War Drobe, she knew nothing of what would eventually happen to her. And even when the four Kings and Queens were hidden by the Beavers, they had no plan of action." The Narnians sit down, and for the first time Tumnus notices how exhausted you are from your long travels.

"Our young Majesty looks tired. Let's allow the child to eat." There is general assent from the crowd as it calms down and returns to eating. Meanwhile, those at the head table make room for you and Trailhunter.

And what a meal it is! The long walk to Cair Paravel has given your hunger a sharp edge, and the Narnian cooks oblige by bringing you extra big servings. First comes the soup: a piping hot vegetable broth made with fresh carrots, celery, peas, potatoes, and just enough salt to add flavor.

While you sip the soup (and eat some freshly baked crescent rolls, I might add), you are introduced to the Narnians at your table. You already know Trailhunter, of course, and have also met Sallowpad the Raven and Tumnus the Faun. Directly to your left sits a stocky Dwarf with a black beard and coarse, black hair — his name is Ripkin. Across the table stands Terrus, a huge, polite centaur. And to your right sits a She-raccoon; her name is Latherpaw.

Following these introductions, the chefs (a She-beaver and her six sons and daughters) bring out salad. The crisp lettuce and crunchy cucumbers are perfectly fresh, having been selected by rabbits (who know best) that very day. The creamy dressing is slightly sweet.

As the meal progresses, both Latherpaw and Ripkin try to strike up conversations. Although you want to be polite and pay attention to them both, you soon realize that this is impossible: you will have to listen to one or the other.

- *If you talk with Ripkin,* ***turn to 102.***
- *If you talk with Latherpaw,* ***turn to 319.***

139

"Well, it looks like fun." You start to scramble down the slippery slope. Twice, you almost tumble head over heels. Although Slick finds your pratfalls funny and laughs with a high pitched giggle, you realize that you might actually get hurt if you topple into the river without using the mudslide.

- *If you have rope in your backpack,* ***turn to 249.***
- *Otherwise, you've changed your mind about the whole affair.* ***Turn to 275.***

140

"Trailhunter, she may be completely innocent." The Bloodhound starts to argue, but then concedes your point and grudgingly agrees.

"Your Majesty, if you feel me tugging on your trousers, it means that she's not what she seems. Run as if your life depended on it. If she's truly a Hag, then we should be able to get away. The important thing's to get you to Cair Paravel — this is no time for heroics." ***Turn to 374.***

141

At first, it seems certain they will escape unharmed. Indeed, the Satyr and the tall man make it safely out the gate, with Ripkin and the Hag close behind. Then, to your left, the castle guards — twelve volunteer Dwarfs — form a line. As one, they draw their bows, and at a command from their captain, shoot a volley of arrows. The Dwarfs are deadly archers, and you see two wolves fall. Four arrows hit the Werewolf, but he only snarls and limps away. Then a large group of Talking Animals charges out of the orchard, and Trailhunter's group starts forward to join them.

- *If you charge to fight beside the Bloodhound,* ***turn to 370.***
- *If you stay out of the fight,* ***turn to 268.***

142

The three of you return to the surf to wash off the sand and seaweed stuck in your hair (and fur). Back on the beach, Trailhunter shakes himself dry, getting you all wet again in the process. (Brinetooth was smart enough to step away.)

The Bloodhound is quite calm, considering what has happened. "Well, your Majesty, I guess we'll go by land after all."

Brinetooth is less serene. "I'll have to be getting back to my other boats. No telling how they fared in a storm like this." The Water Rat shakes out his pipe and fills it with some tobacco from a pouch that somehow stayed dry through the entire ordeal. Then he bows low. "Your Majesty, it was an honor to have you aboard, even if the trip was less..." the Rat looks ruefully at the driftwood that used to be the River Runner, "...dignified than what you're used to." With a wave he starts down the beach while you and Trailhunter head toward Cair Paravel. ***Turn to 248.***

143

Just across the room there is a surprise — a shiny suit of chain mail is draped across the desk! Atop the mail rests a short dagger in a finely polished leather scabbard and a lengthy handwritten note. Yawning, you get out of bed and slide your feet into some soft woolen slippers (Trailhunter must have left them for you). The note is written in a strong, deliberate script.

My dear Majesty,

I decided after last night's excitement to rustle up some of the old armor that we had in the castle armory. I don't know how well it'll fit — I didn't want to wake you up to size it. It is one of Queen Lucy's favorite chainmail tunics — and she looked to be about your height. I'd like you to wear it even if it gets a bit stuffy — my Dwarf friends tell me nothing will keep you safer in a pinch than a good suit of mail. The dagger is very special — it was given to Queen Lucy by Father Christmas himself. I hope you don't have to fight with it (not even Lucy ever used it in battle) but you should carry it proudly — it might even come in useful. No better weapon could be yours.

This morning has been as exciting as last night — whatever you are here to stop has started. First we heard that three Ettins had attacked the Marsh-wiggles up near Ettinsmoor. No sooner had I dispatched some Dwarf warriors than we heard that a huge Kraken had appeared out of the depths of the ocean and was wrecking Narnian boats along the South Coast. There's even rumors that a Minotaur was seen rampaging in the Western Wilds. I sent Terrus the Centaur and some of the faster beasts to deal with it. And to top it all off, Sharptalon the Eagle thinks he saw a Spectre haunting the Meeting Meadow. That's the expedition I'm leading. So if anything else happens, I guess it's up to you. All the same, don't worry about being alone — we've spread the word and every Talking Animal in Narnia will be on the lookout for you. If you leave the castle, don't forget to tell Sallowpad or Tumnus. Sorry about last night. I hope you slept well.

Your most loyal servant,
Trailhunter

Attached to the note is a postscript, written in a spidery script completely unlike Trailhunter's handwriting. It says:

P.S. When you awaken, see me immediately. Sallowpad

Having finished reading, you dress, and then slip the note into your pocket. Getting the chainmail tunic on over your head takes much effort and persistence, but at last you succeed and strap on the dagger.

Although you expected the armor to be quite heavy, it fits you rather nicely and is surprisingly easy to wear. (It is fine Narnian mail made by Dwarfs and is thus lighter than anything you would find in our world.) The tunic catches the light shining through the window and prism colors sparkle all over the ceiling and walls. Lucy certainly kept her armor well polished!

The dagger is no less attractive. Once out of the scabbard, it is a long, wicked blade with an inscription carved in the handle: "Given to Lucy Pevensie on Christmas Day, in hopes that she might never have need for it. Father Christmas." You shove the blade beneath your belt and walk across the room. Although the mail jingles slightly, the jingle is not so very loud. And besides, you'll be truly safe now.

And now, there is no time to lose — after all, you've slept most of the morning away already. And Sallowpad's message sounded urgent.

Mark down the chainmail tunic and dagger on your Character Record. Each item adds 1 to your Fighting Bonus — together they add +2 to your bonus. If you lose an item, you lose a bonus. ***Turn to 247.***

144

You don't see how you could possibly escape from Ripkin: he caught you once, he could probably catch you again. And it's too late anyway — the Satyr is already outside the gate. ***Turn to 157.***

145

You duck beneath the leap, and the huge Wolf plows headlong into the tree behind you. You kick him in the stomach, knocking the wind out of him. Then, while Canis gasps for breath, you sprint toward Fleetfoot.

The pack gives chase, but with Canis fallen, they seem to have lost their fighting spirit. You reach the Pony, vault onto his back, and yell, "Run!" The Wolves give up as soon as Fleetfoot breaks into a gallop down the hill. ***Turn to 127.***

146

After an incredibly long time (even Fleetfoot is beginning to get impatient), the tall, thin man steps out of the woods along with a several immense Wolves and a muscular Satyr. The man carries the broken golden rod which he recovered from the Fords of Beruna. Now the two pieces of the rod glow with an eerie bluish flame. The man holds them well clear of his robes, and even the Wolves keep their distance. From your hiding place, their conversation is simple to hear.

"Another part of the puzzle is in place. We have her wand and the fire; now all that we require is her Copper Bottle and human blood. Then we can bring her back."

The broken rod — the wand — suddenly lights up brightly. The man looks at it strangely, then turns it in a wide circle. Smiling, he stares down at one of the Wolves. "Completing the puzzle will be even easier than we anticipated. The child is in those brambles over there. Get him, Canis!" To your horror, he points right at you!

"As you wish, Warlock," replies the largest of the Wolves. He stalks toward the thicket with the entire pack at his heels.

"Let's go," you whisper urgently in Fleetfoot's ear. The Pony breaks into a brisk gallop; the Wolves give chase, but give up as Fleetfoot gains speed down the hill. ***Turn to 127.***

147

You lie on the cold slab for a long time. The night grows chilly, and the whispers and mutters from the crowd grow louder. At last, long, thin fingers reach down and untie your blindfold.

The scene is enough to freeze the bravest blood. The cold, stone slab beneath you is an ancient, intricately carved table positioned on the top of a hill. All around it loom great hosts of evil creatures. There are Black Dwarfs, dark Minotaurs with gleaming halberds, shadowy Spectres, immense Ogres and Ettins, Hags, Satyrs, Incubuses, Efreets, Sprites, Orknies, Wooses, and Cruels. The dark trees rustle with the wings of black Crows and Vultures.

At the front of this army stands the Warlock. His one eye gleams intensely, and he holds the copper bottle reclaimed from the Haunted Castle and the broken rod recovered from the Fords of Beruna. The ends of the rod glow with an eerie bluish flame.

A hush falls over the Warlock's minions. His voice grows deep and resonant, strong enough to overpower the wind and stars.

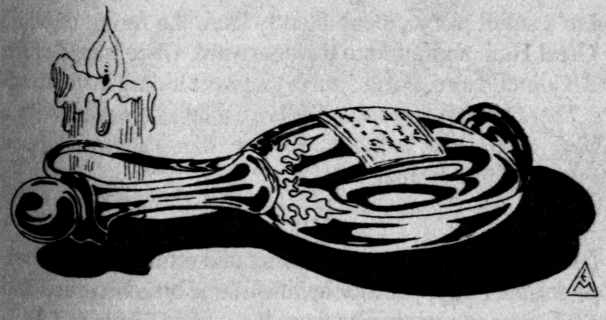
"We have come to this Table to bring 'her' back to Narnia. For although the Stone Table was broken by the Lion, not even he can completely sap its power. We possess four artifacts of mystical greatness: her wand, the Lantern's flame, her bottle, and the blood of Adam and Eve. Because she was vanquished through the power of this blood, so too will that blood bring her back."

A silence more still than the peace of death steals over the already quiet crowd as the Warlock raises the broken golden wand above his head. Holding the two halves of the rod together, he pours a single drop from the bottle onto the crack while whispering solemn, rhythmic words. The instant the liquid touches the rod, the two pieces become one. The Warlock holds it high for all to see, and his followers gasp.

"I have restored her wand, the instrument of her power. Now I will use that power to bring her back and lead us."

Bending over you, the Warlock slowly traces the outlines of your body with the tip of the wand. Starting at your right ring finger, he traces your hand, then down your arm to your feet, and around again back to your right hand. Where the wand touches the table it leaves a glowing blue flame. The Warlock finishes the outline by retracing your ring finger; the fiery, blue light brightens, casting sharp, black shadows across the hilltop.

You feel suddenly weak and woozy, as if you have just completed a long swim, only to be forced to run a footrace. You doubt you could move even if your restraining bonds were cut. Your eyelids are so heavy! ***Turn to 183.***



148

"We'll start over by the Meeting Meadow," says the Cubs' father authoritatively. "Trailhunter is a Knight of the Noble Order of the Table. He spends several weeks every month helping the Narnians that live in this forest."

"But just what does he do?" you ask.

"Suppose you'd lost something and couldn't find it anywhere. Well, Trailhunter can find almost anything just by following his nose. Or say that a young Squirrel had gone off and gotten lost. No need to worry with Trailhunter around!"

Led by Slumberfur, the four of you soon reach a large clearing among the groves of spruces, mountain laurel, and ash. ***Turn to 267.***

149

These villains aren't so tough! And besides, defeating them will make you a hero. As the Satyr gets to his feet, you dive atop him, punching and biting. The creature backs up, but you chase after him, grinning.

Your glee fades when the Satyr stops and laughs. He only retreated so that you would have to follow him into the center of the room! You look back to the door, but two Wolves stand between you and escape.

Victory is hopeless. The two Dwarfs grab you by the shoulders and pin you to the ground, while the Hag ties your hands together and stuffs a filthy rag in your mouth. Like a sack of potatoes, the Satyr hoists you over his shoulder. Ripkin's small party creeps silently from the room, through the Great Hall, and out into the courtyard. Once outside, the band is joined more evil creatures that were hiding in the shadows. There are several more Wolves, a tall, thin man with a walking staff, and a hairy creature that can only be a Werewolf! ***Turn to 362.***

150

You edge away from the clearing and return to Fleetfoot. Mounting the Pony, you hide behind a large bramble-bush and wait for someone to emerge from the woods. ***Turn to 146.***

151

You nod your head and think about what he has said. Then the Beavers bring out dessert: a huge apple strudel. Mrs. Beaver gives you a heaping spoonful and tops it with a generous dollop of whipped cream. "Here's a serving fit for Aslan himself," she says, placing it on the table in front of you.

Ripkin pokes you in the ribs and mutters, "See what I mean? Aslan, Aslan, always Aslan."

After biting into the strudel you are forced to admit that it is one of the most spectacular desserts you have ever tasted. The delicate pastry offsets the sweet taste of the tender apples, and the whipped cream adds a smooth richness. Before you and Ripkin can resume your conversation, Tumnus bangs his hand on the table for attention. ***Turn to 288.***

152

You start toward the shore, but before you've gone half the distance, your right leg cramps. You massage it with tired fingers, but the muscle only tightens more. You can barely tread water, and feel certain that you are going to drown!

What's that? Did you see something out of the corner of your eye? Yes! A small rowboat bobs toward you. Why didn't you see it sooner? Two smallish individuals sit at the oarlocks, and each has black hair and a beard as dark as night. In the bow stands a tall, thin, one-eyed man, dressed in a multicolored robe. He holds out his hand to help you.

"Come, child of Adam and Eve. We have need of you."

***Pick a number** and add your Perception bonus:*

- *If 2-5, **turn to 317.***
- *If 6-12, **turn to 285.***

153

"Trailhunter," you say, pulling the Bloodhound to one side. "I was supposed to have a meeting with Ripkin at midnight. I thought it was all right, but now I'm not so sure. He kept reminding me not to tell anyone and to come alone..."

The Bloodhound growls. "I can imagine. I knew he was up to something. He wants you all to himself, I'll wager."

Sallowpad hears you talking and glides over. "Yes, but you must make your own decision, child. If you don't want to go alone, then we Talking Beasts will accompany you. But if you think you must, go alone and with our blessings. The decision is yours."

- *If you decide to go by yourself,* ***turn to 132.***
- *If you ask the Talking Animals to come with you,* ***turn to 182.***

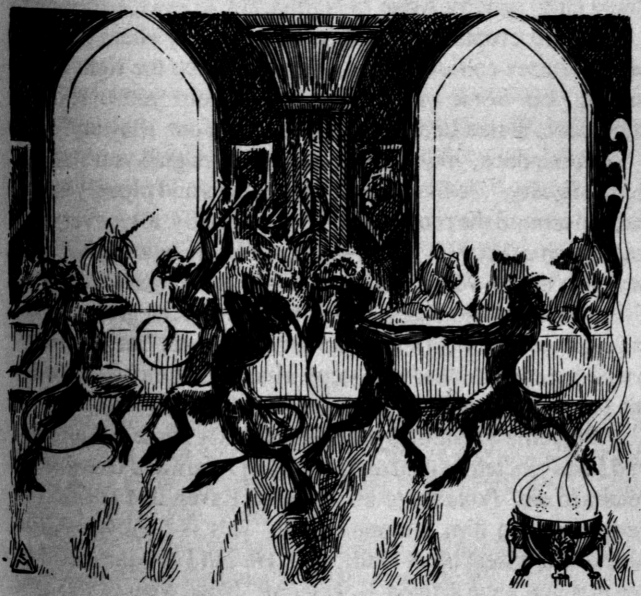
154

The castle is on a hill, surrounded on three sides by water (with a narrow land bridge on the fourth). The peninsula shelters a harbor for small boats and sea-going sailing ships.

Trailhunter, who stays close as you climb the hill, follows your gaze. The castle gates look as if they have not been closed for many years. "We don't keep much of a guard — there's never been need for one. Seeing that there's no one in the courtyard, they must've started the feast." A mischievous grin stretches across the dog's face, and his tail begins to wag. "C'mon, let's give Tumnus and Sallowpad a surprise." Following Trailhunter's lead, you walk across the courtyard to a pair of massive doors. From inside the large oaken portal comes the buzz of conversation and merriment.

Slowly Trailhunter pulls back the heavy doors to reveal a grand Narnian feast. The noise deafens you: the hall is densely packed with animals, and every single one is talking! You hear the high-pitched squeaks of Mice and Shrews, the middle range voices of Beavers and Raccoons, and the strong, yet subdued voices of the big Cats. The younger animals giggle in high pitched squeals over some jokes known only to them, while the adult animals discuss politics, diplomacy, and other grown-up topics.

But if the sounds of the feast are impressive, the sight is breathtaking. For not only are there Talking Animals aplenty, but there are also the magical and mythical beasts that make Narnia so special. At a high table laden with golden bread, vegetables, and hay, a handful of Centaurs talk in deep, bass voices. In a corner of the hall, a quartet of Fauns play silver flutes while a dozen more dance in front of them. At the largest table of all, a group of talking Mice are trying to explain cheese making to a tall, if somewhat puzzled, Giant. On a group of smaller benches to the side, sit a company of short, stocky fellows with full red beards who can only be Dwarfs. And, sprinkled throughout the gathering, there are Satyrs and Dryads, Unicorns and Well-women, and even a Marshwiggle. In the center of the hall rests a slightly larger table, where the most important Narnians sit.



Although you are more than a little bit nervous about being in front of so many people, this is what the journey to Cair Paravel was completed for. Trailhunter opens the door wider and the two of you stride into the hall.

At first nothing happens — everyone is too preoccupied with what they are eating. Then a Mouse sees you and falls silent. Like a wave, silence engulfs the hall, as the attention of everyone there is riveted on you. A He-badger stops with a spoonful of soup halfway between bowl and mouth — you would laugh if everyone weren't so serious. Even the Fauns stop their dance to stare. Off to one side, a She-badger shushes her baby who is gazing at you open-eyed and squealing, "Is that a child of Adam'n'Eve?"

Trailhunter's tail wags back and forth like a clock pendulum. Clearing his throat, he announces, "Narnians, I present to you a child sent by Aslan to Narnia."

The hall erupts into pandemonium. Everywhere animals and creatures collide in their efforts to reach the tight circle around you. Some of the larger beasts hoist you onto their shoulders; a hundred creatures shout "Your Majesty" and "Welcome back, your Majesty" and "We're glad you're here, your Majesty." To the joyous tune of flutes and pipes, you are carried around the room several times. Finally, after everyone has grown calmer (at least a little), the Bears who carried you seat you in the velvet-cushioned chair at the head table.

An elderly Faun stands up to offer the official greeting. He is getting a bit stout (a less polite child might say 'fat') and uses a wooden cane to steady his steps. His smile stretches so wide, his face must surely be in danger of splitting in two.

"Welcome to Narnia, your Majesty. My name is Tumnus, and I was elected Regent until a child of Adam and Eve should return to us." Pointing to an immense Raven that sits on the bench next to him, Tumnus says, "This is Sallowpad, the oldest and wisest beast in the land. He and I are quite glad to see that you have arrived — welcome. Now, what brings you to Narnia?" Everyone in the hall leans forward expectantly.

- *If you say Aslan told you to protect Narnia from danger,* ***turn to 201.***
- *If you say Aslan sent you to rule Narnia,* ***turn to 175.***
- *If you admit that you're not entirely sure,* ***turn to 349.***

155

Turning on your heels, you grab all of your equipment from the table and sprint for the front door. Obviously frightened by the weapon, the Dwarfs do nothing to stop your flight. ***Turn to 291.***

156

You bring Fleetfoot to a stop in front of the Squirrel. Without prompting, the Squirrel immediately begins to speak in a high pitched, rapid-fire voice.

"Your Majesty, I'm glad you're here! My name's Twitterleaf, although most of my friends just call me Twit. I don't know why. Y'see, I've been waiting here all day just in case you came this way."

- *If you interrupt the Squirrel,* ***turn to 293.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 200.***

157

Once Ripkin's band is safely outside the gate, the Hag calls for a brief halt. "Hmmm. We wouldn't want the little one to see where we're going, now, would we?" Reaching into her robes, she pulls out yet another filthy rag and wraps it around your eyes.

You sense Ripkin's approach. "That's not good enough — the brat can still hear." Suddenly a tremendous blow crashes on the back of your head, and everything dissolves into darkness. ***Turn to 225.***

158

You duck under Canis's leap, but are too slow. In an instant, the two of you are wrestling on the ground, where the Wolf has a great advantage. His huge mouth leers above your face. "I've got you, little one!"

The Satyr runs forward and ties your hands tightly behind your back. Once your hands are secured, the Wolf steps away, and you get unsteadily to your feet. A tight blindfold is then tied over your eyes. ***Turn to 312.***

159

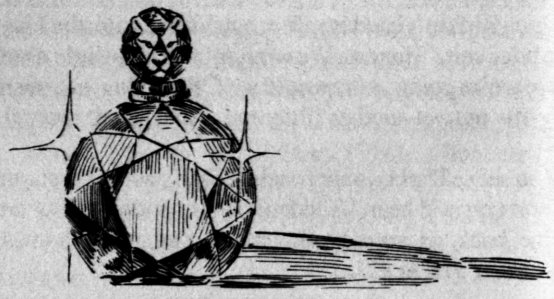
The book is so exciting that the three hours go by quickly, and you almost regret to hear the crier call out "Twelve o'clock — Midnight — and all is well." You carefully put the book back on the bookshelf, get dressed, and blow out the candle. ***Turn to 276.***

160

It seems silly to fight this many Wolves; besides, you might get hurt. "All right, you win. I give up."

The Wolf chuckles — a long chilling noise almost like a howl. From the clearing, the Satyr approaches with a length of rope in his hand.

Fighting tears, you hold your hands out. The Satyr ignores this gesture of defeat, pushes you to the ground, and binds your wrists tightly behind your back. Finally, he ties a blindfold tightly over your eyes. ***Turn to 312.***



161

Without further words, Aslan lifts his velveted paw and begins to blow. His breath is sweet and warm, but quite swift; you close your eyes as everything becomes dark. When you open them again, it's still dark — you are back in the cave! Was everything that happened in Narnia just a dream?

Blinking, you reach into your pocket and pull out your electric torch. To your surprise, it lights right up, and brightly too. Shining the beam on the cave's walls, you see the marks that you made to avoid getting lost.

Once you start walking, you hear a voice, or maybe more of a whimper. It is Jeremy, and all the false bravado and arrogance is gone. "Is that really you?" he asks shyly.

You are quite surprised to find Jeremy; after all, you were in Narnia for several days. "You're still here? Are you alright?"

"Where would I go? I've only been here an hour? Can we go home now?" His voice stays friendly.

Following the chalk marks, you and Jeremy quickly exit the cave. What will you tell Mother? She'll be wondering where you are by now, perhaps truly worried. You hurry through the pine forest, across the meadow, and then up the steps into the farmhouse.

"Mother!" you shout. "I'm home. I'm so sorry..."

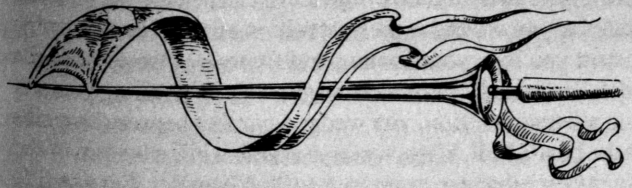
Turning away from the kitchen counter, your mother smiles and interrupts, "Don't be silly: you're back just in time for lunch. The pair of you go have a wash while I set the table."

You and Jeremy run down the hall to the wash basin, splash water over your faces and hands, and return to the kitchen for a fresh tuna fish sandwich each, swallowed with tall glasses of milk. And while it isn't as elaborate as a Narnian feast, you couldn't say you enjoyed it any less! THE END

162

"I dreamed about you all night, though I can't say you look much like the child in my dreams. But I've heard Mr. Beaver say — you see sometimes he tells stories at parties — that even King Peter didn't look much like a king when he first came to Narnia. When I woke up I was sure that I'd never get a chance to see you.

"But just when I'd given up all hope, the message came out from the Castle..." ***Turn to 293.***



163

You awake to the sounds of someone, or something, knocking loudly at the bedroom door. It's impossible to tell just how long you have slept. Rubbing your bleary eyes, you struggle to your feet. Then, quickly putting on your clothes, you open the door.

Standing in the doorway is Ripkin. "I thought I told you, child, that we had a meeting. It's some time past midnight! And you've made me look the pretty fool. Let's go."

- *If you go with the Dwarf,* ***turn to 124.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 311.***

164

Although you make every effort to be careful, it is hard to keep your bearings amid the howling wind and stinging sea-spray. An extraordinarily high wave catches you off balance, spinning you around as the boat rolls in a trough. For a horrible instant you lose your footing and fly toward the edge of the boat. Fortunately, you catch the gunwale. Wrenching yourself into a better position, you wedge your feet between two ribs in the boat's hull. Then, walking crablike in the bottom of the dinghy, you manage to get back to the Water Rat. ***Turn to 320.***

165

Leaving the Dining Hall, you retrace your steps to the Administrative Hall. Mr. Paperflurry is still hidden behind his tall desk, but this time he recognizes your voice and instantly lets you in to see Sallowpad.

"I trust your stomach is feeling better," croaks the Raven.

You nod, contentedly.

"Good. We can start with business." ***Turn to 235.***

166

It seems clear that Twitterleaf doesn't know anything useful about the Haunted Castle or, indeed, anything useful at all! Nudging Fleetfoot, you say, "Thanks, but I really am in a hurry." You wave good-bye to the Squirrel and ride on. ***Turn to 407.***

167

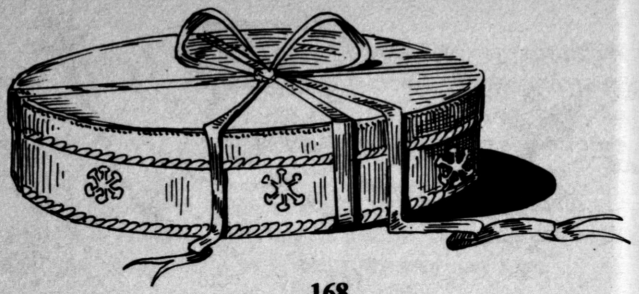
Having made your decision, you tell Trailhunter, who agrees instantly. But Brinetooth is not so ready to quit.

"What do you want to go and give up for? You haven't even seen what the Runner can do! If there's something in the woods that's on the look-out for you, the last thing you want to do is go ashore."

Trailhunter interrupts the Water Rat. "Yes, but at least on land you don't have to worry about what comes from below deck. And besides, none of us could fight off a cricket while we're busy keeping our heads above water."

The two of them are at a deadlock, and both look at you to cast the deciding vote.

- *If you vote to stay on the river,* ***turn to 310.***
- *If you vote to take the road to Cair Paravel,* ***turn to 335.***



168

Something about the way Twitterleaf says "everybody" tells you that he knows more than he's admitted. You gently ask, "Does everybody say this?"

"Of course they do. Everybody who's ever been up there says that bad things happen. Although the time I went up there I didn't see anything...oops!" To your surprise, Twitterleaf shuts his mouth in embarrassment.

Perhaps Twitterleaf can tell you something about the castle. Pursing your lips, you look down at the Squirrel. "So, you went into the castle, did you?"

Twitterleaf looks mortified at having told you, and stares intently at his feet. "Yes, your Majesty."

Curiosity gets the better of you. "If the castle's so frightening, why did you go in?"

"It was a dare."

You nod knowingly — you've done more than a few stupid things because you were afraid of what your friends would think if you didn't. "What was it like?"

"It was, well, scary. Even though Aslan knocked down the wall it's still the Witch's castle more than anything else."

"While you were there, did you happen to see a copper bottle? Someone very evil is looking for it. If I get it first, I might be able to keep it away from him. And it seems very important."

The young Squirrel's face screws up with the effort to remember. "You know, your Majesty, I just don't know..."

Nudging Fleetfoot, you wave good-bye to Twitterleaf, who is already running off to tell his friends that he met you. Turning northward, you ride on. ***Turn to 407.***

169

The Warlock looks down at you with his one glaring eye. "Good work, Ripkin. Take him to the Table. I will meet you there once we have found her copper bottle."

With a grunt the Dwarf pushes you toward a group that includes a Satyr, two other Dwarfs, two Wolves, and a Werewolf. "The Warlock said we should take him to the table." Ripkin reaches into his pocket and pulls out a grimy rag. Tying the blindfold tightly over your eyes, the Dwarf whispers, "We wouldn't want you to see where we're taking you, your Majesty." ***Turn to 312.***

170

Leaning as far back as you are able and then jackknifing forward, you begin to cough and squirm. Although the Satyr ignores you at first, you continue coughing, more and more violently. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Trickery bonus:*

- *If 2-5,* ***turn to 130.***
- *If 6-12,* ***turn to 337.***

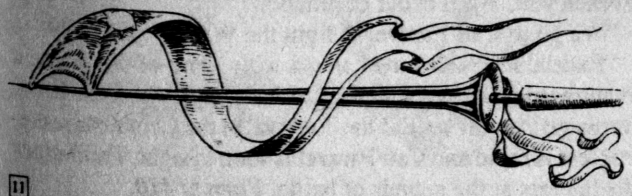
171

"No," you say, wishing that you did have something. Your stomach growls loudly, reminding you how long it has been since you have eaten. *Subtract 1 from your Action and Fighting bonuses until you next eat.* ***Turn to 242.***

172

Ducking straight through a thick bramble, you gain precious seconds as the Wolves are forced to go around. With thorns tearing your clothes, you sprint to Fleetfoot, vault onto his back, and yell "Run!" just as the Wolves emerge.

At your command, Fleetfoot breaks into a gallop. The Wolves give chase but soon fall behind as Fleetfoot gallops down the hill. ***Turn to 127.***



173

Leaping at Ripkin, you tackle him. The two of you roll across the carpet, kicking and biting. But Ripkin has friends in the room, and powerful hands soon grab your shoulders and pin you down.

Ripkin wipes his bloodied lip. "You won't be doin' that again." Reaching into his pack, the Dwarf pulls out a long rope and ties your hands behind your back. Then, with another Dwarf, Ripkin forces you down the long staircase.

When you reach the hall below, your eyes grow wide. There are dozens upon dozens of evil creatures in the room: leering Gargoyles, ephemeral Wraiths, drooling Wolves, and many more too horrible to name. Ripkin pushes you through the crowd. At the very back, seated on the iron throne is the tall, thin man — the Warlock. ***Turn to 169.***

174

"The important thing is to beat the Witch. No delays!" you tell the Narnians.

"You heard the child!" shouts Trailhunter. "To Cair Paravel!" With you and Trailhunter in the lead, the Narnians start down the hill. Meepiceek stays behind to warn Terrus about the Witch.

The little army travels quickly. You seem able to walk much faster than when you first arrived in Narnia; something about this land has made you stronger and braver. After an hour's march, you hear trumpets. Terrus, four other Centaurs, three Talking Horses, and a Unicorn gallop over a ridge behind you. Sharptalon the Eagle and all the Talking Hawks and Falcons of Narnia fly and swoop above their heads.

Terrus trots up. "Hail, your Majesty. We missed you at the Table, though Meepiceek told us of your perils and of the return of the Witch. We have galloped hard for many leagues to reach you. What is our destination?"

"We go to Cair Paravel to fight the Witch!" you reply.

"Excellent. I will travel ahead with some of the swiftest creatures to serve as a vanguard." Motioning to his little band, Terrus gallops off to lead the column. In the Centaur's wake, progress is rapid and Cair Paravel is soon in sight. Trailhunter lifts his ears at the sounds of battle. ***Turn to 110.***

175

The assembled Narnians wait breathlessly for your answer. "Aslan sent me here to become..." you pause as total silence fills the hall. "...Ruler of Narnia." The Narnians begin a hearty cheer of joy, but are stopped by the immense Raven who exchanges a glance with Tumnus.

"Just a moment," he croaks. "You say the Lion brought you here to become monarch. How do you know this?"

You have no choice but to continue your lie. "Aslan spoke to me. He asked me if I thought I'd make a good ruler. When I told him yes, he sent me here."

Sallowpad looks still more unhappy. "He took your word for it, did he? Now that is peculiar. If I remember my history correctly, he told King Frank — the first king of Narnia — that only humble men become upstanding monarches. But in your conversation, he seems to have said the exact opposite. Are you absolutely sure that you spoke to the Lion?" His eyes narrow. *Subtract 2 from your Inner Strength bonus.*

- *If you admit that Aslan never spoke to you,* ***turn to 322.***
- *If you insist that Aslan chose you to rule,* ***turn to 315.***

176

Trying to fight this many assailants would be hopeless. You calmly get off your Pony, then give him a slap on the flank. Fleetfoot runs off at a gallop. Hopefully he will tell the other Narnians you have been captured.

The Dwarf clinches your hands firmly behind your back and binds your legs at the ankles. A tremendous blow lands on the back of your head, and you see no more. ***Turn to 225.***

177

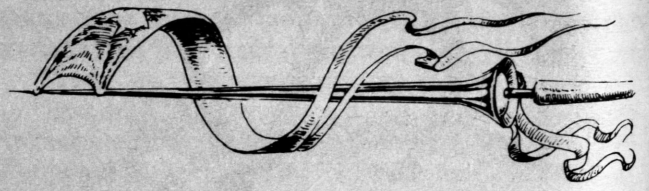
You sit down on a rock and share your sandwich with the Cubs. After finishing the meal with a drink from a clear stream, you resolve to think logically before resuming the search. Wrinkling your forehead, you remember that from the mountain path you saw a large clearing in the forest. It was bustling with animals. You no sooner mention this to the Cubs than Honeypaw shouts, "The Meeting Meadow! That's where Dad goes to meet Trailhunter. Why didn't I think of that?"

"Because you were too busy thinking about honey, you pig," answers his brother.

In an instant, the two cubs are wrestling on the ground at your feet, like brothers everywhere (even if it is Narnia). Only when you splash them with freezing stream water do they separate and shake themselves off (getting the water all over you). After a parting exchange of cuffs, they lead the way to the Meeting Meadow. *Erase the cheese sandwich from your Character Record.* ***Turn to 267.***

178

Diving at Ripkin, you knock him to the floor. Rolling free before anyone can make a grab, you sprint down the stairs, almost falling twice. ***Turn to 179.***



179

When you open the door to the hall, you realize escape is futile. The Hall is filled with a crowd of evil creatures, all searching carefully for the copper bottle. Suddenly an Ogre spots you and lifts you completely off the ground. All the creatures press closer and closer, each trying claim credit for your capture.

Ripkin comes down the staircase. "Put him down," he commands the Ogre, and the creature tosses you roughly to the floor. Immediately, you are seized and Ripkin ties your hands tightly behind your back. Grabbing your bound wrists, he pushes you through the crowd until you are face to face with the tall, thin man — the Warlock. ***Turn to 169.***

180

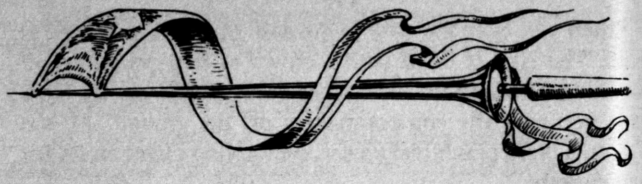
You plunge deep beneath the surface and for a moment are unable to tell which direction is up; there is water in your nose and the raging waves make it impossible to get your bearings. Thrashing, you swim in the direction you hope brings you back up. Just when all hope seems lost, your head breaks the surface. You tread water for a moment, thankfully gulping great mouthfuls of air.

The sea around you is strewn with what was once the good ship River Runner. Still worse, neither of your companions is in sight. You try to shout, but the raging storm drowns your words.

One thing is certain: you can hardly stay where you are! The waves toss you this way and that, and even push you under. If you do nothing, you're sure to drown!

You remember seeing the shore a good quarter-mile off the dinghy's stern. If you make it there, you would be safe. Or you could find a large piece of driftwood, hang on, and try to ride out the storm. There isn't much time to decide: your arms and legs are already getting tired from treading water.

- *If you find some wood,* ***turn to 259.***
- *If you swim for shore,* ***turn to 245.***



181

You don't recognize the Colt, but he seems to know exactly what is going on. He quickly trots over as you slow to a stop.

"Your Majesty! Thank Aslan you're here! Where were you? Trailhunter has every animal in Narnia looking for you."

This is very confusing. "Just a minute. Who are you?" you ask. "And what are you doing here?"

"I'm Fleetfoot, son of Mwinhirraha. I've been looking for you. Once Trailhunter knew you were missing, he hurried back to Cair Paravel. There was an important meeting — Terrus the Centaur was there, and so were Sallowpad the Raven, Tumnus the Faun, and Mr. and Mrs. Beaver. They decided that you being here meant that Narnia was in some sort of danger. And then, earlier today, Brinetooth said that a tall, thin man dug up a broken rod at the Fords of Beruna."

"So now that you've found me, what'll you do?" you ask.

"I'm at your service. Like Mother says, it's no shame to carry human children around when you have to. If Narnia really is in for trouble of some sort like Trailhunter says, then I'll be proud to be your mount."

After what the Dwarfs said, there is no doubt the Bloodhound is right — Narnia is in danger. It seems clear that something awful is about to happen, and if you wait until help has arrived it'll be too late. The only way to save Narnia is to catch the Warlock (the tall, thin man with one eye) at either the Lantern or the Haunted Castle. But which one? And what to do once you arrive? You wish Trailhunter were here to help, but it is entirely up to you.

- *If tell Fleetfoot to take you to the Lantern Waste,* ***turn to 219.***
- *If tell him to take you to the Haunted Castle,* ***turn to 229.***

182

You tell Trailhunter, "I'd jolly well like company!"

The Bloodhound selects a handful of Narnians to go with you, including himself, Terrus, Latherpaw, the Badger, and the Dwarfs. Together you leave the orchard and walk across the moonlit courtyard toward the South Tower.

As you near the tower, a crouching figure scuttles away through the shadows. A vulture's call sounds in the chill night air, and moments later a small host of wicked creatures rush up from the tower's basement. You see Ripkin, two other Dwarfs, a Satyr, a Hag, a tall, thin man with a walking stick, and several Wolves. Bringing up the rear is a furry creature that is half man and half beast. A Werewolf!

Faced with so many foes (more than a match for your small party), Terrus the Centaur calls loudly, "Awake! To arms, Narnia! We are attacked!"

With the alarm sounded, Ripkin's band dashes for the castle's main gate. ***Turn to 141.***

183

As you struggle against sleep, the Warlock pours the entire contents of the bottle onto the surface of the Table. The liquid spreads into a shimmering, glowing pool at your feet. The Warlock passes the wand over the pool, and a sparkling mist rises from its surface. The vapor the turns into the regal form of a fiercely beautiful woman! Her harsh voice breaks the silence. "At last! At last I am free! My vengeance shall be terrible to behold." Pulling herself to her full height, the woman shivers, then steps down from the Table. At the same time, the blue flame disappears.

The woman is taller than anyone you have ever seen: she towers over the Warlock. Her face is white, not pale or powdered, but the dead white of paper or snow. She wears long white furs and bears a golden crown on her head. Despite her imposing majesty, there is something not quite real about her — she is almost translucent, like a stained glass window. It's as if she were not entirely in Narnia at all, but still stood in some far away place. Without doubt, this is the White Witch! The Warlock has brought her back to Narnia!

Seeing the Witch's cool smile, the Warlock drops to one knee and holds out the wand. "Your Majesty. We have brought you back to Narnia to wreak your vengeance! Become our Queen!"

The Witch snatches her wand from the Warlock's hand and eagerly surveys the evil host. "You have assembled my loyal servants from all over the land. I shall truly be the victor this time!" The Queen pauses to study the Stone Table. "And who is the child?"

The Warlock rises to his feet. "The child came to Narnia just before we brought you back. It seems as though Aslan..."

Grabbing the Warlock by the neck, the Witch lifts him completely off the ground. "Don't you, or anyone else, say that name again, if you value your life." She surveys the crowd fiercely, but not a sound is heard. Then she leans over the Table. "And as for you, I should kill you now for all that the vile Cat and his accursed children did to me. But I think I'll leave you here for when I return in triumph as Queen of Narnia. Then I'll devise a truly fitting punishment."

You shudder, but the Witch has turned her back to you. She whispers heatedly with the Warlock; you can only guess that he is telling her what has happened in Narnia since the Battle of Beruna. Finally she shouts in a defiant voice, "We shall ride to Cair Paravel and defeat the traitor Tumnus and his pitiful defenders. There will be no Lion to save Narnia this time, and no child to lead the Narnian armies! Now to battle!" ***Turn to 186.***

184

"Brinetooth," you ask, "what happened here?"

"Well, your Majesty, quite the scene it was. 'Round daybreak we heard a crashing and screeching in the woods by the Ford. A moment later, a pack of the biggest Wolves you've ever seen came howling out right at the boats.

"Well, as you can imagine, most of the river-folk took off as quick as a wink. But me, I was working my ferry, and by the time I got to land, it was too late to escape. So I dove beneath the pier, hoping that the beasts wouldn't see me.

"It was then, after everyone else had run, that things began to get downright strange. The Wolves went after my river-folk, chasing down the road to the Cair or deep into the woods. And a tall, thin man came out of the trees with a dozen or so Dwarfs. He clear gave me the chills just to look at him — he was carrying a big walking stick and had only one eye. I think I've seen him poking around and asking questions before, but if so, he was wearing a disguise. As for the Dwarfs, they were carrying pickaxes and shovels — digging tools, by my guess. Anyway, the tall man pulled out a small stick in the shape of a 'Y' and started jiggling it. Every couple of seconds he pointed to a place in the ground, and the Dwarfs would start digging." Brinetooth looks ruefully at the deep holes in the earth. "That's why the Ford's a proper mess.

"So finally, after the Dwarfs dig a score holes or more, one of them stood up and started yelling. Then he pulled out the strangest thing: it was a short gold rod about the length of your forearm. This rod was broken in two, and looked like it'd been buried underground for a long time.

"No sooner did the Dwarf hold it up than the tall man hurried over. 'Grackle, you've found it,' he said, and then tucked the thing in his robes. The Dwarfs started to pick up their tools, and the tall guy says — not knowing I could hear, mind you — 'She will reward you mightily once she returns,' whoever she is. Then the tall guy sent the Dwarfs away and called back his Wolves. 'To the Lantern for the flame,' he said, 'and then to the Witch's Castle for the copper bottle.' Then they took off running down the road to the Lantern Waste. That's all I saw, your Majesty. I wish I knew what's going on."

You wish you knew too and are confused as you walk back to where you left Fleetfoot. The tall man sounds like the one you glimpsed in the darkness last night. But what is the connection to the broken rod? And who could 'she' be? You suppose the only way to find out is to try to catch the tall man at one of the two places he said he would visit. You wish that Trailhunter were here, but it is all up to you.

- *If you go to the Lantern,* ***turn to 219.***
- *If you go to the Witch's Castle,* ***turn to 229.***

Leaving the building, you pad silently across the courtyard to the orchard. Although not fully grown, the apple trees are quite large, and silvery moonlight gleams on their leaves. In the middle of the orchard, a crowd of Talking Animals is assembled around a deep well. Coughing so that you won't startle them, you step forward.

Several animals are known to you. Trailhunter is there, of course, as are Latherpaw the Raccoon, Sallowpad the Raven, Terrus the Centaur, and Mr. and Mrs. Beaver. Furthermore, there are four red-haired Dwarfs, a Badger, a large jet-black Panther, two other Talking Dogs, and numerous smaller beasts. As you take a seat at the base of a tree, Trailhunter clears his throat and calls the meeting to order.

"Harumph. Fellow beasts and Dwarfs, it seems that Narnia is in great danger. I've called us all together so that we can decide what to do."

This confuses you. Raising your hand, you say, "Tumnus said that everything was fine in Narnia. What did he mean?"

Sallowpad shakes his head, and then croaks, "Tumnus has grown old and set in his ways. He means well, but he does not see the danger because he does not want to see the danger. But the signs are there for anyone to see: Narnia is in peril!"

The Badger nods his head sadly. Trailhunter interrupts. "I agree — the signs are everywhere. Brinetooth says that a tall man was poking around the Fords of Beruna again, asking strange questions. Everyone knows that the Black Dwarfs and Wolves have been acting suspiciously lately — disappearing to Aslan-knows-where without telling anyone. And there's animals that'd swear to seeing a Werewolf out in the Lantern Waste. Have I forgotten anything?"

Mr. Beaver pipes up. "What about the Haunted Castle?"

"Of course, the Haunted Castle. Some of the younger animals say they saw Dwarfs poking around there." Looking at you, the Bloodhound adds, "That's the castle where the White Witch used to live."

Trailhunter nods his big, droopy head. "And, finally, two days ago this child of Adam and Eve was sent by Aslan to help us. Does anyone doubt that Narnia is in danger?"

The entire crowd is silent. At last, Terrus the Centaur speaks up. "But Trailhunter, what good does realizing our peril do us? We do not even know whom or what the enemy is. I say we take the child to a hidden place and protect it until we identify the danger. Then, with Aslan's grace we can defeat our foe and crown the child as ruler." There is a murmur of assent among the animals. You don't much like the idea of being hidden away, but if that is what is best, you will go along with it.

Mr. Beaver stands up, leaning on his cane. "Now, everyone stay calm. Begging your pardon, Terrus, but taking the child and hiding it is the last thing we want to do. If Narnia is in a danger that only human blood can save us from, then we have to let the child do just that." Mr. Beaver points at you with his cane. "If the child is going to save Narnia, we have to let it. That is Aslan's will."

Terrus's horse tail swishes back and forth. "You would have us do nothing?"

Mrs. Beaver stands up next to her husband. "Oh goodness, no. All Mr. Beaver's saying is that we can't drag the child around like, well, like a sewing machine." Mrs. Beaver looks at you. "You'll have to make your own decisions. And we can't be watching over you every minute to keep you out of trouble."

Sallowpad croaks, "The Beavers are correct. Did not the High King Peter have to earn his spurs by slaying Fenris Ulf himself? Aslan could have slain the Wolf with a thought, but left it to King Peter. So, too, we must let this child prove itself."

Terrus is chastened. "Then what is the proper course to follow? By your wisdom, we should let the young one travel alone, unprotected..."

Mr. Beaver interrupts. "No, that's not it at all. Put out the word to all the Talking Beasts, to the rivers far and wide, and to the Dwarfs still loyal to Aslan. Tell them the child is here, and tell them to help however they can. We needn't stay idle, but we must depend on the child for our salvation as this youth is the Lion's gift." Mr. Beaver turns back to you. "Now, it is your time to do what you must."

Terrus nods his head, and trots over to you. Like all Centaurs, he is an impressive sight, with the torso of a handsome man and the body of a powerful charger. He sticks out his hand. "Child, I wish you good fortune. This will be difficult for you, just as the books say it was difficult for King Peter. Prevail, and Narnia will be saved."

"Do not hesitate to ask for advice," adds Sallowpad, "Only a fool refuses the help of others."

This is a bit much for you; you hadn't realized just how important your journey to Narnia would be for its citizens. And now, to top it all, the Narnians have decided that they can't tell you what to do! You have never felt so anxious and so alone.

And it is getting late. The animals have started talking about things you don't understand, and you are very tired. You might be able to go to Ripkin's meeting (late, of course). But after all you've heard, you're not sure if you trust Ripkin; he seemed too insistent that you keep the meeting a secret and come alone. Maybe you should get Trailhunter to come with you.

- *If you leave to go to bed,* ***turn to 280.***
- *If you go alone to Ripkin's meeting in the South Tower,* ***turn to 132.***
- *If you tell Trailhunter about Ripkin's invitation,* ***turn to 153.***

186

With long, firm steps, the Witch strides away from the Table and down the hill. The crows and vultures take flight, and the evil army follows in her wake. Silence returns to the hilltop as the last of the wicked host depart.

Strength slowly returns to your limbs, and you strain at your bonds, but they refuse to budge. Exhausted, you collapse back against the cold stone. Suddenly, the patter of tiny feet fills the air, and at least a dozen large Mice climb to the top of the Table. The leader of the Mice — Meepiceek — bows low.

"Don't worry, your Majesty. We'll have you loose in a moment." At Meepiceek's command, the mice gnaw at the ropes. Only seconds later you are free. Gingerly, you sit up and rub your aching arms.

Spitting out the last of the hemp rope, Meepiceek declares, "Sorry we couldn't get to you sooner. We're members of the Most Noble Order of the Table, created by King Peter himself to defend the Stone Table. Our guard saw the Satyr bring you here, but there were too many evil beasts about for us to rescue you immediately. So I sent some of the Squirrels to sound the alarm while we kept watch. Trailhunter and Terrus should arrive soon."

All of your possessions were placed on the ground next to the Table. Hopping down from the stone slab, you pick up your equipment. The moon has peaked already, and the eastern sky is beginning to lighten: it'll be dawn in an hour. A loud baying from the opposite side of the hill heralds the approach of Trailhunter. And then a large company of Narnians gallops into the clearing. The Bloodhound lopes at at the head of the ranks with a Panther at his side. A cheetah, a cougar, a leopard, two badgers, a company of Red Dwarfs, and assorted smaller animals follow them.

They rush up the hill, barking, growling, hissing, and shouting. When Trailhunter reaches you, he leaps up onto your chest and joyfully licks your face, your hair, and your ears. The other animals gather around, and each seems eager to touch your clothes or hear your voice.

"Thank the Lion that we've found you, your Majesty! Sorry we couldn't get here sooner — we came as soon as Nutcatcher brought word. Too bad we didn't catch them before they left — we could've finished them off once and for all."

Scratching the Bloodhound behind his ear, you tell the Narnians all that has happened. Their eyes grow big as saucers when you tell them that the Warlock brought the White Witch back.

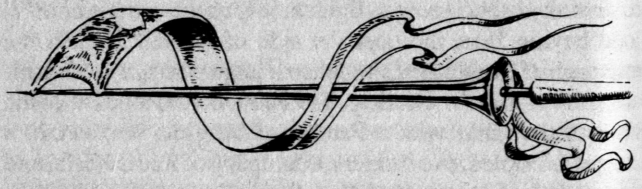
"Well, that's a problem and no mistake," says Trailhunter. "But we Narnians beat her once with a child's help, and we'll beat her again." The Narnians nervously break into a cheer that gains strength with the first deep red rays of dawn.

- *If you received a weapon and armor from Trailhunter,* ***turn to 277.***
- *If you are unarmed,* ***turn to 269.***

187

Victory is hopeless. You let the Satyr and Dwarfs grab you, and pin you to the ground. The Hag ties your hands together behind your back and stuffs a filthy rag in your mouth. Like a sack of potatoes, the Satyr hoists you over his shoulder. Ripkin's small party then creeps silently from the room, through the Great Hall, and out into the courtyard.

Once outside, the band is joined by another group of evil creatures that were hiding in the shadows. There are several more Wolves, a tall, thin man with a walking staff, and a hairy creature that can only be a Werewolf! ***Turn to 362.***



188

With a farewell to Sallowpad, you walk outside and introduce yourself to Fleetfoot. As Sallowpad warned, the Pony is simple, although quite friendly. Walking to his side, you mount. You have ridden once before during a family vacation, but riding bareback is something new altogether.

"Where to, your Majesty?"

"To the Fords of Beruna — We should talk to Brinetooth. He'll be able to explain this business."

With no further questions, the horse trots swiftly down the road. To pass the time, he tells you the story of how his mother, Mwinhirraha, carried a human child all the way from the Western Steppes of the southern desert to the crystal lakes of Fanrilor (wherever that is). Almost before you've really gotten used to riding, Fleetfoot turns his head.

"Should I take you right down to the pier, your Majesty?"

Nobody ever said Fleetfoot was a bright horse — if you rode right down, whoever was at the Fords would have ample opportunity to see you coming. On the other hand, it would be the quickest way to reach the River.

• *If you ride right down to the Fords,* ***turn to 104.***
• *If you try a more stealthy approach,* ***turn to 405.***

189

"I'm not sure how we should travel," you say. "What do you think?"

"Hmmm." Trailhunter begins scratching behind his ear as he always does when thinking. "The land route is safer, but going by boat is quicker. What is your advice, Brinetooth?"

"The coast's always nice this time of year. Your Majesty can swim, can't you?"

"Yes."

"Then I don't see any problem going by sea. My dinghy'd have plenty of sail for us once we reached the ocean, and I could have her movin' in a few swishes of the Lion's tail!"

Both Narnians look at you.

• *If you decide to go by land,* ***turn to 302.***
• *If you decide to go by sea,* ***turn to 325.***

190

Bringing the chair down hard on the Hag's hand, you take a step backward toward the stairs. But a strong hand restrains you. Effortlessly, the creature (what ever it is) lifts you completely off the ground. Slowly it turns you around in the air, pulling you up to face its glaring eyes. The creature is a Werewolf! The Werewolf opens its jaws, showing glistening fangs.

"Fine," says the voice from the darkness. "That is quite enough. Now tie the brat up."

Struggle is useless, as powerful hands hold you down while the Hag ties your wrists together and stuffs a filthy rag in your mouth. When you are trussed so securely that movement is impossible, the Satyr tosses you, like a sack of potatoes, over his shoulder. Ripkin takes the lantern, and the entire group climbs up the stairs to the courtyard. ***Turn to 362.***

191

Shuddering with fear, you pull back into the ranks of the Narnians.

With one last mournful look, Trailhunter and Terrus charge the Witch by themselves. While the Centaur is still in mid-step, the Witch points her wand, creating yet another statue. Seeing him fail, the Narnians close by lose courage and flee for the woods. *Subtract 2 from your Inner Strength bonus.*

- *If you join the Narnians and run for the woods,* ***turn to 194.***
- *If you stand your ground and attack the Witch,* ***turn to 197.***

192

You and Aslan are now surrounded by a host of Narnians, from the smallest Talking Mouse to Terrus the Centaur. The Lion gazes upon the assembled creatures and speaks.

"Narnians, you have won a great victory over the forces of evil. The creatures of darkness have been vanquished."

There is a commotion near the back of the crowd, as Tumnus slowly gets to his feet. "Begging your pardon, Aslan, and I hate to interrupt what sounded like what was going to be a fine speech, but I think most of us would agree that it wasn't our victory — we couldn't have done it without the child of Adam and Eve. And anyway, what I'm trying to say is that I would like to propose a cheer."

Instantly everyone breaks into a hearty "Hip, Hip, Hooray!" and you are hoisted onto the shoulders of Terrus the Centaur. The crowd carries you up to the castle, shouting your name and cheering the whole way. The cheers warm your heart, and you realize that you truly have saved Narnia from a great danger. It is the most exciting event of your entire life, and you will remember it forever.

As the last cheers die away, the animals set you back on your feet at the castle's gates. Tumnus, who has been lagging behind a bit, trundles up the hill. "Now that we've all had a good shout — and a bit of exercise — I think it's time for a victory feast. After all, as Aslan said, we did just win quite a

victory. I don't know how your Majesty feels, but I'd really like some grapes with spiced cheese and walnuts. Latherpaw slides up next to you and pulls on your sleeve. "Your Majesty, Tumnus is just looking for an excuse to have another celebration," whispers the Raccoon. "But humor him, his feasts are always something special."

Smiling, you agree to let the Narnians have a feast in your honor. Tumnus immediately takes charge, sending Mrs. Beaver off to bake bread and the Otter to get some fish from his river. Each Narnian is assigned a job that he or she is especially good at, and no one seems to mind the extra work at all. Finally, Tumnus sits down in a cushioned chair.

"Whew! Well, that's settled. We should have the meal ready for your Majesty in no time."

"You shouldn't go to all the bother just for me," you insist.

"Oh, nonsense! We Narnians like a good dinner as much as you do. And when we're making a banquet for your Majesty...Why, it's no trouble."

Then Tumnus notices two squirrels arguing over who should bring the walnuts to the feast. The Faun bustles away, leaving you alone again. You look around, amazed at how busy everyone seems to be. Suddenly you realize that you haven't seen Aslan since he made his short (and interrupted) speech. Alarmed, you hurry over to Latherpaw, who is rapidly washing silverware in the Castle courtyard.

"Latherpaw," you say, worriedly. "Where's Aslan? I haven't seen him since you all carried me off. Could something have happened to him?"

Latherpaw looks the length of the clearing in front of the castle. "I don't know where he's gone, child. But that's just the way he is; he comes and he goes as he pleases. After all, he's not a tame lion!"

You can hardly argue with this. Trying to stay out of the Narnians' way, you travel from room to room, watching the preparations. In the kitchen, thick slices of steak cook over hickory-wood fires. In the orchard, Talking Beasts set up long tables. In the courtyard next to the well, they mix tea, fruit punch, and other drinks for the feast. ***Turn to 393.***

193

Although you know you shouldn't nap until Trailhunter and Brinetooth are safe, it can't be helped. Lulled by the voice of this stranger, you fall into a deep sleep. ***Turn to 225.***

194

Seeing the Narnians flee, your heart quails and you, too, break for the woods. To your right, a Squirrel is turned to stone, and to your left a Red Dwarf. A powerful hand grabs on your shoulder, and against your will you are spun around. It is the White Witch — and on her beautiful face is a cold smile. "You have helped me immensely, child," she says, lifting you into the air by the collar of your shirt. "Your blood enabled me to return to Narnia, and your actions have ensured that all of Aslan's followers are in one place. It will be so much easier to deal with them this way." The Queen begins to laugh, a horrible icy cackle. "My second Winter will never end! I will rule Narnia, as I ruled Charn, for a thousand years!"

She tosses you to the ground like a slender tree branch, then points the wand at you. Your vision becomes blurry, and you feel deathly cold. You have been turned to stone! ***Turn to 218.***

195

You draw back for another swing, but the Hag is too fast. Avoiding your blow, she snatches your arm and pulls you next to her. You struggle to pull free, but her grip is like iron. She pushes a small vial under your nose, and you feel overwhelming drowsiness. The last thing you hear is Trailhunter's barking. ***Turn to 225.***

196

Even though the book is very good, it has been an exhausting day. First you prop your feet up on the table, and then you lean back in the soft chair. In a moment you are fast asleep!

Pick a number *and add your Perception bonus:*

- *If 2-6,* ***turn to 361.***
- *If 7-12,* ***turn to 342.***

197

The Witch is startled by your bravery. "So, child, you have finally found your courage. But it is too late: you should have listened to your friend the Centaur!" The Witch points her wand even as you leap at her. *Add 1 to your Inner Strength.*

Pick a number *and add your Fighting bonus:*

- *If 2-7,* ***turn to 213.***
- *If 8-12,* ***turn to 214.***

198

Seeing their mother hug you, the two Cubs leap up also, covering you with wet kisses. After the She-bear puts you back on your feet, one of the Cubs implores, "Oh Mother, can we keep it? We'll take good care of it."

"It won't be any trouble," adds the other Cub.

"Furball! Honeypaw!" reprimands Hivefinder above their squeals. "Don't you see what this is? This is a child of Adam and Eve..."

The eyes of both Honeypaw and Furball grow big. "Oooooh," they both say in unison, and then they try to straighten your hug-rumpled clothes.

"There now, that's better," says the She-bear, approvingly. Turning to you, she says, "I'm so sorry, your Majesty. Honeypaw and Furball — the Cubs — can be...rambunctious sometimes. Wait just a moment, and we'll wake up my husband. Together we can decide what to do with you." Hivefinder turns to the sleeping He-bear and shakes him violently. Putting her mouth to his ear, she shouts "Slumberfur, wake up this instant! Do you hear me?" But in spite of her best efforts, Slumberfur remains fast asleep.

The She-bear looks apologetic. "He can be so hard to wake up sometimes. Child, do you have any food?"

- *If you have a cheese sandwich,* ***turn to 394.***
- *If you have a cheese sandwich, but tell the She-bear otherwise,* ***turn to 387.***
- *If you have no food,* ***turn to 264.***

199

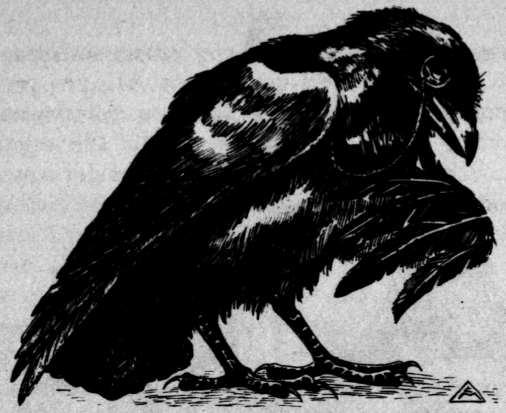
Much to your surprise, she ducks your first blow as quick as lightning. Now you are sure of it — this is no old woman! Trailhunter tugs on your pants cuff.

- *If you run away,* ***turn to 255.***
- *If you stay to fight,* ***turn to 292.***

200

Twitterleaf continues breathlessly, "Trailhunter put out word to all the Talking Animals in Narnia — and Aslan knows I'm a Talking Animal — to be on the look-out for a child of Adam and Eve. So here I am. I mean, I'd hate to miss you, seeing that you're the only child that's been in Narnia since I don't know when."

- *If you interrupt the Squirrel,* ***turn to 293.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 295.***



201

"Well," you begin, stuttering nervously, "Aslan told me I would have to protect Narnia from danger."

Tumnus nods, but the imposing Raven next to him looks dubious. "So the Lion came to you?" The Raven's voice is a low croak. "Not even the High King was allowed to speak with the Lion until after he had done much to save Narnia."

The Raven's eyes are amazingly intense. Maybe you should tell the truth. But that would make you a fool in front of all the Narnians. *Subtract 1 from your Inner Strength bonus.*

- *If you admit that you don't know why you were sent to Narnia,* ***turn to 322.***
- *If you insist that you spoke to Aslan,* ***turn to 313.***

202

Despite the cold, the walk is surprisingly pleasant. The Cubs regale you with stories of last year's honeycomb, of expeditions into the gardener's berry-patch, and of the fish that got away. In return, you tell them about aeroplanes and motorcars — two wonders which they will likely never see. Before you know it, the trees of the valley surround you.

The Bears lead you through groves of ash, laurel, birch, and spruce to a small clearing. "Trailhunter is usually around here somewhere," says Furball, "we'll just have to look for him."

- *If Slumberfur the He-bear is with you,* ***turn to 148.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 326.***

203

Looking around frantically, you see your knapsack and the armor and blade that Trailhunter gave you, lying nearby on a low table. Diving across the room, you grab the weapon. The two Dwarfs take a step backward, surprised. The way to the door is now completely open: you could flee if you wanted to.

- *If you run,* ***turn to 155.***
- *If you fight,* ***turn to 111.***

204

Ripkin dives to tackle you, but you leap free and run through the door into the cool breeze outside. ***Turn to 291.***

205

"Harumph. Well, several of us Talking Beasts plan to have a meeting in the orchard at midnight. We were going to have it anyway, but since Aslan sent you, that means that something's afoot. We'll look for you there." ***Turn to 356.***

206

Although you squint and stare, you see nothing unusual. However, you have half a mind to go back to the pier and take the road to Cair Paravel.

- *If you return and take the road,* ***turn to 167.***
- *If you want to press on ahead,* ***turn to 310.***

207

Although you make every effort to be careful, it's hard to keep your bearings amidst the howling wind and stinging sea-spray. An extraordinarily high wave catches you off balance, spinning you around as the boat rolls in a trough. For a horrible instant you lose your footing and fly toward the edge. Then you catch the gunwale again. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Action bonus:*

- *If 2-9,* ***turn to 348.***
- *If 10-12,* ***turn to 331.***

208

At first, it seems likely that the evil creatures will escape unharmed; and, indeed, the Satyr and the tall man make it safely through the gate, followed by Ripkin and the Hag. Then, to your left, castle guards — twelve volunteer Dwarfs — form a line. As one, they draw their bows, and at a command of their captain, shoot a volley of arrows. The Dwarfs are deadly archers, and two wolves fall. Four arrows hit the Werewolf, but he only snarls and limps out the gate. Then the Talking Animals from the orchard wash over the enemy like a great wave on a sandy beach. The villains fight, but they are outnumbered as more Narnians spill out of the Great Hall.

After a short melee, the remaining evil creatures break for the woods outside the castle. The Narnians give chase, but soon return to the courtyard; when monsters roam, the forest by night is no place for decent folk! Trailhunter runs up to you (your bonds are as tight as ever) and licks your face again and again. He tries to untie the ropes but soon gives up — a Dog's mouth is not very good at knots. One of the Dwarf archers cuts you loose with his knife.

The Bloodhound's tail wags wildly. "I thought we'd lost you there for a second, your Majesty. Good thing you were able to yell."

Breathless, you tell Trailhunter and the Talking Animals all that has happened. Trailhunter only shakes his head worriedly.

"A conspiracy, and right here in Cair Paravel. That's a problem, and no mistake. It'll certainly make your job quite a bit harder." The Bloodhound's voice softens. "C'mon, your Majesty, let's get you back to bed." Exhausted by the night's events, you gratefully agree. The two of you walk back to the Great Hall. Saying goodnight to the Bloodhound, you put on your nightclothes and sink into the soft, inviting bed. Moments later, you are asleep. ***Turn to 210.***

209

Arching your neck back, you rub your chin against the Satyr's helmet, but the soft cloth of the gag slips smoothly over the metal without snagging. The Satyr turns his head and glares at you, then whispers fiercely in your ear.

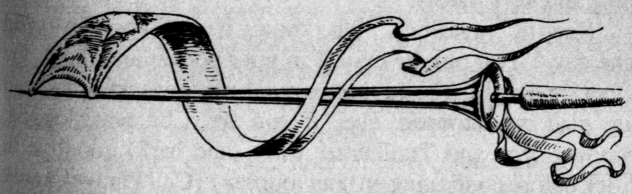
"Eh? Trying to get your gag out, were you? None of that! We'll have no squealing out of you!"

Jamming the gag more firmly in your mouth, he shifts you beneath his arm. Now escape is impossible! ***Turn to 157.***

210

The next morning, the sun fairly streams through the window, and the silk curtains blow gently in the breeze. There is no clock to tell the time, but the sun has risen high above the castle. Your body feels completely rested, and your late-night adventures are a distant memory.

- *If you are a boy,* ***turn to 304.***
- *If you are a girl,* ***turn to 143.***



211

"It's about time you got here! I never knew that the children of Adam and Eve were so clumsy." Slick giggles at his little joke while you blush. (It might be funny if you were an Otter, too!) Without a further word, Slick leaps down the mudslide, and lands — splash — in the pool below.

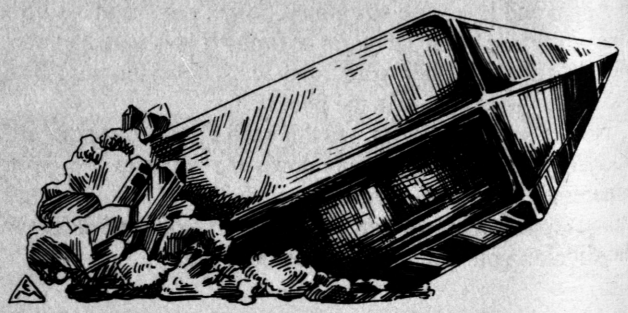
Now it's your turn. But was this such a good idea after all? Suddenly Trailhunter bounds down the slope to the river; apparently the water was just too inviting. This is the last straw! Hoping that you won't kill yourself, you push off down the slide on your belly, just as the Otter did.

And what a ride it is! The slide twists and curves, and at one point you almost slip over the walls! Everything happens so fast. Finally, at the bottom, you fly out over the river and land with a splash. After standing up (the water isn't even over your head), you splash some water at Trailhunter, until the big Bloodhound leaps and dunks you under — an accident, of course. Slick joins in, and the three of you have a merry free-for-all. At length, Trailhunter climbs out of the river and shakes himself, spraying water everywhere. You can barely stifle a laugh as the Dog's long, floppy ears twirl around like a the blades of a propeller.

"Ah, I feel much better," the Dog declares.

Slick is thrilled that you took the time to slide down his mudslide. Motioning for you to wait, he disappears beneath the water's surface, appearing moments later with a something in his paws. Swimming up, the Otter lays down an object on the riverbank. It is a small stone the size of a marble: it looks like glass, but is actually a fragment of quartz crystal, pale and pink and very lovely.

"Keep it," says Slick. "Who knows, it might come in useful one day." You put the crystal in your pocket and thank the Otter for his gift. The day seems much more cheerful, and you are glad you stopped, even if you are a bit waterlogged. Smiling, you and Trailhunter wave (and bark) goodbye to Slick before continuing on your journey to Cair Paravel. *Mark on your Character Record that you now carry the Quartz Crystal.* ***Turn to 404.***



When you open the door, several young Beavers are cleaning up the meal hall after breakfast. You hope that you aren't too late. But before you even ask the question, a She-beaver addresses you.

"You're here!" she squeals, thrilled. "Sit right down, your Majesty, we've been saving some breakfast just for you."

The eager Beavers surround you the moment you sit at the nearest table. One unfolds and spreads a snow-white place-mat, another sets down your plate and silverware, the next gives you a clean glass, while the fourth deftly fills it with freshly squeezed orange juice. A fifth places a clean linen napkin on your lap, and the last hands you a large mug of hot cocoa.

The whirlwind over, you hear Mrs. Beaver shout from the kitchen, "Have you set the table, children?"

"Yes, Mother," reply your six young servers in unison.

"Well then, help me dish out the breakfast."

There is half a honeydew melon, harvested that very morning. And there's a heaping stack of buckwheat flapjacks, smothered in creamy butter and fresh blackberry syrup. The pancakes come straight from the griddle, and every bite is piping hot. The syrup is even better.

There are link sausages, hominy grits topped with toasted sunflower seeds, hash brown potatoes mixed with green peppers and onion, and spiced apples fresh from the orchard.

At length you finish eating, wipe off your mouth, and push away from the table. The young beavers are all awaiting your judgement:

"Was it good, your Majesty?"

"Did you like it, your Majesty?"

"Did we do a good job?"

You smile broadly. "It was one of the most wonderful wake-up meals I have ever had."

The She-beavers squeal with delight while the He-beavers jump up and down and run to tell their mother (who, truth be told, has been eavesdropping from the kitchen). Pleased that you have made them happy, you leave the Dining Hall and go to meet Sallowpad. ***Turn to 165.***

213

Though you valiantly charge the Witch, you do not reach her in time. Suddenly you feel very cold. Your vision starts to blur, and you can no longer move. You have been turned to stone! ***Turn to 218.***

214

You reach the Witch before she can use her fearsome wand! The force of your charge knocks her to the ground, and the two of you roll over and over on the grass. In the struggle, the wand slips from her grasp. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Action bonus:*

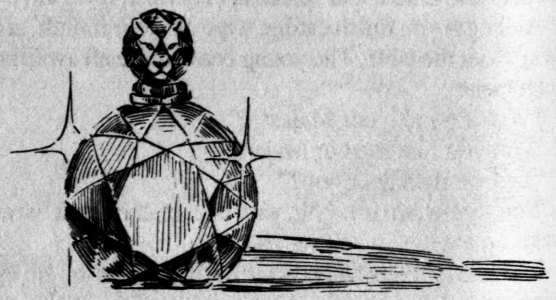
- *If 2-7,* ***turn to 215.***
- *If 8-12,* ***turn to 216.***

215

You reach for the wand, but it is inches from your fingertips. Pushing you aside, the Witch regains her feet, grabs the wand, and points it at you. Suddenly you feel very cold, and your vision becomes blurry. You try to run, but you can no longer move your legs. You have been turned to stone! ***Turn to 218.***

216

Pulling loose from the Witch's grip, you grab the wand triumphantly! ***Turn to 274.***



217

Having resolved to continue by land, you and Trailhunter stride on towards the castle. Eventually you overtake a fellow traveler: an elderly woman walking in the same direction as yourselves. She wears a grey shawl and leans on a walking stick. To your surprise, Trailhunter begins to growl.

- *If you ask Trailhunter what is the matter,* ***turn to 107.***
- *If you approach the old woman in a friendly manner,* ***turn to 374.***
- *If you attack the old woman,* ***turn to 345.***
- *If you walk past the old woman, ignoring her,* ***turn to 391.***

218

You stand, a statue of stone, for far too long. You feel as if you are in a cast, from your head to your toes, and blindfolded, too. You think about your stay in Narnia and the many mistakes you have made there. You worry about what will happen to your mother and father if they can never find you.

Suddenly your fingers start to tingle. A hazy glow appears amidst the darkness, as if you were standing in a tunnel and there was a light at the other end. Better still, a delicious smell fills the air — like vanilla or chocolate, but far more wonderful than that. The scent is impossible to describe, but it is warming and fragrant and refreshing all at the same time. It's as though a warm wind were washing over you like ocean waves.

You stretch your arms, touch your toes, and yawn prodigiously. As your vision clears, you are able to look around. To your surprise, you no longer stand in the field at Cair Paravel. Rather, you're atop a high mountain, shaded by towering pine trees. A small brook burbles over the smooth rocks between mossy banks to a cliff which seems to fall away forever. It is beautiful and more than a little frightening.

A creature more breathtaking than the striking landscape sits directly before you: an immense Lion with streaks of tawny gold in his mane. His face is a mixture of anger and sorrow, and somehow you feel certain that it is your fault.

Your knees shake a little as the Lion rises to its feet. "Child," he says, in a deep, voice, "I am Aslan. You have failed me, and you have failed Narnia. Worse, you have failed yourself. Look into your heart, and think upon what you have done."

Compelled by Aslan's words, you think of your stay in Narnia: of how you might have failed to help in its hour of great need. You feel dreadfully guilty. ***Turn to 221.***

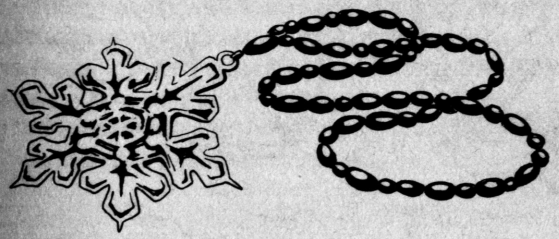
219

Mounting Fleetfoot, you start toward the Lantern Waste. The Pony gallops at an amazing pace, and the miles fly by quickly. Being in Narnia seems to have made you much healthier: in your world you would never been able to ride so far so fast (and bare-back at that). Along the way, Fleetfoot tells you the myths of the Lantern.

According to his mother, the lamp-post was accidentally planted at the dawn of time. Jadis — the evil woman who later became the White Witch — had brought the iron cross-bar of a lamp-post to Narnia as a weapon. When she dropped it, it fell to the earth and grew like a tree.

Soon, you arrive at the woods which surround the lamp-post. The trees grow closely together, and the howls of Wolves drift from their shadows. Despite the daylight, few things are more disconcerting than a howling pack of Wolves, especially when they are probably looking for you!

- *If you dismount and enter the woods so that you can make your way to the lamp-post,* ***turn to 358.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 129.***



220

"So...what have we here? A dog and its child." She reaches to pet Trailhunter, but the Bloodhound bristles menacingly. "Tut, tut, how impolite! So, you're traveling to Cair Paravel."

"Yes," you say, "We are going there to meet Tumnus."

"And Aslan," adds the Bloodhound.

The crone shudders. "Indeed! Well, young one, I have something, a little gift for the Cat. Do you think you could take it to him — a favor for a poor old woman who will likely be a week more traveling..." She reaches deep within her robes to pull out a shiny object. It's a talisman, the shape of a snowflake. The very air around you seems to grow colder as the woman holds it up. Trailhunter is pulling violently on your pant leg, but you have eyes only for the snowflake.

- *If you take the talisman,* ***turn to 227.***
- *If you attack the woman,* ***turn to 199.***
- *If you run away,* ***turn to 230.***

221

While you think, the Lion's face brightens, if only a little. "Be just, yet not harsh, child. Your stay here has not been without worth. Your deeds have brought suffering to Narnia and to its people. Yet you have begun to know right and wrong. Think upon this newfound wisdom and remember. When I return you to your own world, do your utmost to apply the lessons there that you have learned here." ***Turn to 375.***

222

So long as the Witch is able to turn her foes to stone, there is no way for the Narnians to win the battle. Drawing your blade, you charge down the hill, followed by your hastily assembled company. As the two forces collide, the din is horrific. Terrus the Centaur fights single-handedly against three Hags. Two talking Horses bravely stride into the thick of the fighting, while the Hawks swoop from the air. The Witch looks furious to see Narnian reinforcements, and points her wand to turn creature after creature into stone.

You and Trailhunter press forward, trying to get as close to the Witch as you can without being turned into statues. Terrus follows at your heels. You stand within two steps of her, before she sees you amidst the press of the fighters. Spinning to face you, she raises the wand. ***Turn to 228.***

223

You can't imagine battering the massive door down; tricking the Dwarfs seems far easier. You splash some water on your face to make it look like you are sweating, then crouch down and begin to cough loudly. You moan and gag, trying to make things sound very serious. For a time, the Dwarfs ignore you, but at last begin to whisper nervously.

"Ripkin, what should we do?"

"I don't know. The Warlock will kill us if the child dies."

"Well hurry, then."

The lock clicks and the door opens wide. Both Ripkin and Grackle rush into the room and look down at you. This is the moment you have been waiting for! You leap up, pushing through the surprised Dwarfs, and dive out into the main room. Ripkin and Grackle are only a step behind. You think you can run outside. But should you perhaps teach your jailors the lesson they deserve?

- *If you run,* ***turn to 121.***
- *If you stay and fight,* ***turn to 226.***

224

Staring into the woods, you see exactly what has been bothering you. Deep within the forest, a greyish-black creature about the size of a large dog slinks behind the trees. Shortly after you spot it, the creature —whatever it is — runs deeper into the brush. You feel sure it was watching you. The Bloodhound's lip curls upward, and he growls deep in his chest. "Grrrr. That's a problem and no mistake. Someone else knows you're here now." The way that Trailhunter says 'else' chills you to the marrow. "I knew that nothing good would come of the Squirrels running about telling everyone the news. Now look what's happened. Our people at Cair Paravel don't know what's happening, but the scoundrels do."

Trailhunter's words frighten you more than ever. If something scares the Bloodhound, it can't be very nice! You have half a mind to go back and take the water-route to Cair Paravel.

- *If you decide to return and take the water-route,* ***turn to 389.***
- *If you press on ahead,* ***turn to 217.***

225

You wake up on a bed of straw in a small, dank room, your head still ringing. The room is little more than a closet, and since there are no windows, it is impossible to tell how long you have been unconscious. Your straw pallet fills one corner, and the only light is a flickering oil lamp which throws harsh shadows on the white-washed walls. On the stone floor sits a hunk of stale bread and an iron mug half full of water.

You gingerly get to your feet and stretch. Standing up makes you dizzy, and the room spins. Then you realize that most of your possessions have been taken away! Quite upset, you cross the room and try the door.

It is locked from the other side! How much worse can this get? You shake the doorknob, shouting, "Let me out of here!"

A gruff voice answers you. "It's no use squealing, your Majesty. No one can hear you. Now eat your bread and be a good brat. You'll be getting out sooner than you think."

Chastened, you return to the straw and sit down with the bread and water. After all you have been through, the bread tastes surprisingly good, even if you would never think about eating it for supper back home. As you swallow the last bite, voices sound outside.

Quietly slipping across the room, you put your ear to the doorlatch and listen. There are at least two individuals talking, and from the sounds of their low, guttural voices, it seems certain they are Dwarfs. *Erase all of your possessions from your Character Record except for the Quartz Crystal (which, if you had it in the first place, was in your pant's pocket and wasn't taken from you).* ***Turn to 106.***

226

If only you had a weapon!

- *If Trailhunter gave you a weapon,* ***turn to 203.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 105.***

227

You reach for the shimmering jewel. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Perception bonus:*

- *If 2-9,* ***turn to 397.***
- *If 10-12,* ***turn to 115.***

228

Trailhunter glances at you with fear in his eyes. "By Aslan's mane!" You see the Bloodhound's legs tense for a leap.

- *If you join Trailhunter and attack the Witch,* ***turn to 237.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 191.***

229

Mounting Fleetfoot, you start toward the Haunted Castle. The Pony gallops at an amazing rate, and the miles fly by. Being in Narnia seems to have made you much healthier: in your world you could never have ridden so far so fast (and bare-back at that) without getting terribly tired.

Fleetfoot recounts the myths of the Haunted Castle. Built by Black Dwarfs while the White Witch ruled as Queen of Narnia, the Castle was filled with Narnians turned into stone statues by the Witch's wand. It was guarded by wolves, crows, and the rest of the Witch's evil minions. Since the Witch was defeated by Aslan, few Narnians have ventured there.

When Beaversdam lies behind you and Fleetfoot is silent, you see a small Squirrel waving from the side of the trail.

- *If you stop to talk to the Squirrel,* ***turn to 156.***
- *If you ride on,* ***turn to 240.***

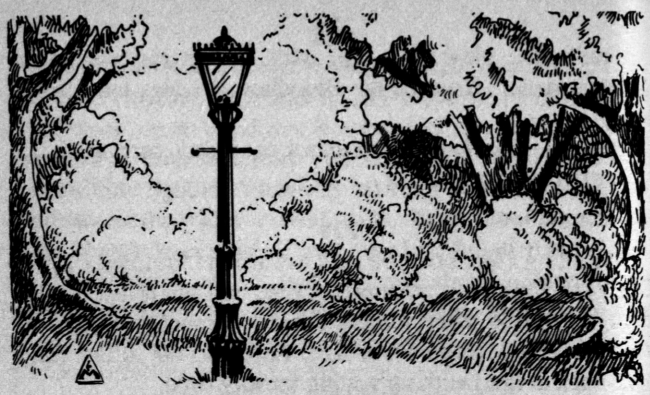
230

With Trailhunter at your heels, you sprint down the road away from the woman. You hear her waivery voice calling "Come back..." but you refuse to listen. After you and the Bloodhound have gone a safe distance, you both pull up short, panting for breath.

"That was close," you say between gasps.

"Yes," he pants. "Someone is looking for you." Even as the Bloodhound speaks, you notice a dark shape moving in the shadowy forest next to the road. You point it out.

"Harumph. They're really keeping track of you, now aren't they? Let's get going, your Majesty, before something else happens." The two of you hurry away, keeping a sharp eye out for trouble. ***Turn to 248.***



231

"Trailhunter," you whisper, "what danger could Narnia possibly be in? The Bears and the animals in the Meeting Meadow seemed perfectly happy. Where is the danger?"

"Begging your Majesty's pardon," says Trailhunter. He flings back his long, droopy, ears and continues, his voice turning serious. "But just you being here means that there's a problem somewhere. Now, make no mistake, we're happy to see you — it means that we have a chance to get out of the danger without losing our fur. But Aslan doesn't just bring you humans here without a good reason.

"Truth be told, not everything is as it should be in Narnia. Tumnus tries to govern well, but Narnia really does need a human ruler. There've been some shadowy sorts down by the Fords of Beruna and out in the Lantern Waste. Sallowpad the Raven says he's even seen some Dwarfs poking around the Witch's old castle. So something's afoot, make no mistake.

"So that's why we've got to get to the Cair. There are plenty at the castle who'll know what to do next. And who knows, maybe even the Lion himself will be there." ***Turn to 258.***

232

Although you try to walk straight ahead and ignore her, the old woman scurries in front of you. You have no choice but to talk to her! ***Turn to 220.***

233

The moment you are again seated, you wish for a soft feather bed with three quilts. You have spent most of the last two days traveling and have now eaten a very full dinner. Despite a valiant effort, you can barely keep your eyes open!

Fortunately, the feast is winding down. You see Narnian parents gathering up their children — even young animals have to go to bed earlier than their elders. As you get to your feet, Ripkin says, "One more moment, your Majesty. Some friends and I will be having a meeting in the basement of the South Tower at midnight to discuss the future of Narnia. We'd appreciate it if you could be there. Oh, and there's no need to tell anyone else — this is a very special, secret meeting." Ripkin puts his finger to his lips and then, with a wink, leaves the table with his friend the Satyr.

Tumnus looks down the table at you with concern. "Child, I have been told of your long trip — you must be exhausted. Come, we've had a chamber prepared for you. Trailhunter will show you to it."

You nod sleepily, and the Bloodhound leads you out of the Dining Hall and through the courtyard to the Great Hall — the castle's living quarters. Halfway across the courtyard, Trailhunter asks, "Did Latherpaw get a chance to tell you about our little meeting?"

- *If you say "yes",* ***turn to 131.***
- *If you say "no",* ***turn to 205.***

234

Although you strain to hear the Water Rat, his words are lost in the wind whipping over the sea. You might be able to hear him if you moved back to the stern of the boat, but this would mean giving up your handholds near the bow.

- *If you move to hear Brinetooth,* ***turn to 379.***
- *If you stay where you are,* ***turn to 334.***

"First, tell me your version of what happened last night."

Starting from the beginning, you tell Sallowpad about your meeting with Ripkin and the battle in the courtyard. The Raven only shakes his head sadly.

"I suspected that he might have turned to the other side."

"Why didn't you arrest him, if you were so sure?" you ask.

"Child, we can never be sure of anything, while we live on this world. And so long as there was a chance that he might repent, I would never take that chance away. Ripkin was a good Dwarf once, when Peter and his siblings ruled Narnia. But he chafed under the weak rule of Tumnus. Aslan only knows what he is trying to achieve now.

"But enough past history. 'Do not cry over spilt milk, only vow not to spill it again,' as the saying goes. Redbreast the Robin flew in early this morning to report that there is some sort of disturbance down at the Fords of Beruna. Apparently a group of Wolves came at daybreak and scared all the boaters away, and then left. This might very well be what you were brought to Narnia to investigate.

"The decision is up to you," continues Sallowpad. "I would have liked Narnians to accompany you, but the creatures of evil have been busy this morning — Ettins, a Kraken, a Minotaur, and a Spectre. Trailhunter was at wit's end trying to find enough warriors to deal with all the problems. I am certain this is not a coincidence — the enemy has begun to take serious action. If you wait until the warriors get back, it might be too late to stop what is happening at the Fords of Beruna. And we cannot know whether Trailhunter will return this evening or the next. Spectre hunts are notoriously unpredictable. Of course, before he left, the Bloodhound did send the Talking Pigeons to spread the word that you were in Narnia. Wherever you go, there will be Narnians willing to help.

"If you do decide to investigate, I have transportation already prepared. Fleetfoot, a foal born to Mwinhirraha, has volunteered to take you as a rider for as long as you stay in Narnia. I might warn you, he is none too bright, but very fast." The time for decision is at hand.

- *If you will investigate at Beruna now,* ***turn to 376.***
- *If you would rather wait,* ***turn to 340.***

7

Strengthened by Trailhunter's band, the Narnians wash over the villains like a great wave on a sandy beach. You join the battle at the Bloodhound's side, and land two blows for each one you receive. The evil creatures fight, but they are outnumbered as more Narnians run out of the Great Hall!

Just when the battle seems won, a Wolf leaps for your throat. The huge beast hits you square in the chest, knocking you flat. Your head hits the cobblestones, and a smoky haze fills your eyes.

The next thing you know, Mrs. Beaver is standing over you, and there is a bandage around your head. Trailhunter sits next to your bed where the Narnians have carried you.

You start to sit up, but the wound makes you feel dizzy. Running your hand over the bandage, you feel a large knot that probably won't go away for days. Turning gingerly to face Trailhunter, you ask, "What happened?"

The Bloodhound is overjoyed to see you awake; his tail wags back and forth, and his mouth stretches in a wide canine grin. "Well, your Majesty, you saw most of the battle. When that Wolf jumped you, it was the last straw. A few of us attacked him, while the rest finished the enemy off. They ran like scared rabbits!"

He concludes, "Your Majesty, one last thing. I'm going to see if I can find any of King Edmund's or Queen Lucy's old gear. I'd feel better if you wore some mail and carried a blade."

You are much too tired to argue, even if you wanted to. It has been a harrowing day, and your tired body is ready to sleep. Your heavy eyelids fall closed as Mrs. Beaver pulls up the covers. ***Turn to 210.***

237

You and the Bloodhound leap as one, reaching the Witch together. Your charge knocks her to the ground, and the three of you roll over and over. Suddenly, as she grabs Trailhunter's neck for a stranglehold, her fearsome wand slips from her fingers. You push free from the melee, snatching the wand even as the Witch throws the Bloodhound aside. She regains her feet, but is too late. ***Turn to 274.***

3

238

Perhaps the direct approach is the best way to escape. Getting a running start, you rush against the wooden door.

Again and again you crash against its planks, and at last the hinges begin to give way. Bracing yourself for a final effort, you slam into the door with all your might, and it flies off its hinges into the next room, where two Dwarfs leap to their feet.

Should you run while you have the chance, or stay and teach your jailors a lesson?

- *If you flee,* ***turn to 121.***
- *If you fight them,* ***turn to 226.***

239

Your eyes have trouble adjusting to the bright sunlight near the cave entrance. You don't see the bench-shaped rock until you trip over it and fall right at the feet of the She-bear, who pins you to the cave floor with her paw! ***Turn to 316.***

240

There's no time to waste — you're trying to get to the castle! You wave to the Squirrel and ride on. ***Turn to 407.***

241

The Witch is too dangerous, and besides, how could you hope to stop her? "We'll charge the Black Dwarfs," you declare, trying to sound convincing. Although Trailhunter looks dubious, he obediently prepares to follow your order. With a hearty "For Narnia!" echoing from their lips, your little band rushes down the hill and straight at the Black Dwarfs. Startled by the sudden charge, they fire only a few arrows before you reach their lines. At the same instant, the Red Dwarfs leap forward and join the fray.

The melee is dreadful and frightening. Confusion is everywhere, and it is difficult to tell friend from foe. You duck and parry, trying not to blink when your blade strikes an iron-bound shield or a leather helmet. Once Trailhunter barely saves you from the axe of a Black Dwarf, while you fend off the whip of thorns wielded by a lone Satyr.

As your arm tires, the Black Dwarfs seem to be weakening, their bows falling from their hands. Perhaps they are retreating!

Abruptly, the Dwarfs stop and reform into a line. They were simply luring you closer to the Witch! She turns her terrible gaze upon you, her thin lips forming a gruesome sneer. The sneer twists into a horrible smile as she recognizes you.

"So, wretch! You escaped. And I see you have brought the last Narnians with you as well." With that, she points the wand at a Unicorn, and he becomes a statue. ***Turn to 228.***

242

Trailhunter points to a pile of leaves beneath an oak tree. "Those should be soft enough for your Majesty." Without another word you collapse into the leaves, falling asleep within moments.

It seems only minutes have passed when the Bloodhound licks your face to wake you. As you rub your bleary eyes, Trailhunter takes a step back.

"We had better get going, if we want to reach Cair Paravel before nightfall. By my reckoning, it's past eight o'clock already, and they'll be worried if we're late."

"How can they be worried?" you ask. "No one knows I'm here."

"Begging pardon, your Majesty, but no one knew you were here. News travels fast in Narnia. By the time we reach the castle, the Birds and Squirrels will have made sure everyone knows we're coming." The Dog looks pensive. "Of course, I'm not sure that's an entirely good thing: whomever your enemy is will know, too. Oh well, it can hardly be helped. You'd as easily dam the Great River as ask a Talking Squirrel to keep a secret!"

After a quick wash at the stream bank, you continue your journey along the forest path. Trailhunter quickens the pace, and you must really stretch your legs to keep up! Midmorning, you reach the relatively steep banks of a river. A young Otter is sliding down the muddy slope into the water below.

You've always enjoyed watching movies of the otters in our world sliding down river banks, and more than once you've wished that you could try it. Besides, you feel sticky and dirty from the long hike yesterday, and a dip in the river might be just the thing to cool you off. While you stand staring, the Otter notices you and scrambles up the bank. It's eyes grow large with wonder.

"You're...You're the child of Adam and Eve. At first, I thought you were a Dwarf, but you're too thin and haven't got a beard. What're you doing here?"

"Thinking about joining you on the mud slide," you answer truthfully.

"Oh do, do, please! My name's Slick, and it's ever so much fun. Oh, do! You'll like it, I'm sure."

- *If you agree to go down the mud slide,* ***turn to 139.***
- *If you'd rather not,* ***turn to 275.***

243

As you complete the toast, Ripkin scowls and turns away. He whispers mysteriously to the Satyr at the table behind you. ***Turn to 233.***

244

Holding your breath, you watch the tall man and his minions. Following a quick glance about the clearing, he reaches up to the lamp-post and carefully opens the mantle. Then he puts the broken rod in the lamp-flame, muttering soft, rhythmic words all the while. The ends of the rod break into an eerie, bluish flame. Closing the lamp-mantle, the man smiles to his evil companions and holds the glowing rod some distance from his robes.

"Another part of the puzzle is in place. We have her wand and the fire; now all that we require is her Copper Bottle and human blood. Then we can bring her back."

The largest Wolf of all has been pacing around the perimeter of the clearing, sniffing the air. "Well, Warlock," he says with a growl. "When are we going to capture the child? I say we do it now."

The Warlock looks annoyed. "If you insist, Canis. Wait a moment, I will determine where the child is." He mutters a few quiet words, and the bluish flame enfolding the wand glows brighter still. With a slow smile, he points at the bush where you are hiding. "Finding the child will be easier than we anticipated — it seems the fool has come looking for us!"

Canis and the rest of the wolf pack bound toward your hiding place! With pounding heart, you jump to your feet and run back to Fleetfoot. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Action bonus:*

- *If 2-7,* ***turn to 126.***
- *If 8-12,* ***turn to 172.***

245

Determined, you set off with sure strokes toward the distant beach. After only a few minutes, you realize that the shore is not as close as it seemed — you'll be lucky to reach it at all. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Action bonus:*

- *If 2-9,* ***turn to 152.***
- *If 10-12,* ***turn to 388.***

246

Having knocked the Dwarfs down, you spin and swing what is left of the chair at the Hag, who is approaching with a length of rope to tie you up. Reeling from the blow, the Hag backs right into Ripkin, knocking him over. The Satyr is still clutching his injured hand, and the way to the door lies open!

- *If you flee,* ***turn to 330.***
- *If you stay and fight,* ***turn to 149.***

247

Grabbing your knapsack, you close the door behind you and head down the hall. At a washstand you splash your face with pure rainwater collected from the castle's culverts. Feeling cleaner and more awake, you set off to find Sallowpad.

The Great Hall is deserted, so you walk jauntily out into the courtyard. It has been cleaned up considerably since the battle last night, and a group of Dwarfs are even now sweeping off the cobblestones. Perhaps they can help you.

"Excuse me," you say. "Could you please tell me where I can find Sallowpad?"

The leader of the Dwarfs makes a low bow. "Aye, your Majesty, that I could. The Raven'd be in the 'Ministrative Hall next to the Dining Hall." The Dwarf indicates the direction with a calloused finger.

Past the Dining Hall, there is indeed a smaller wing nearly hidden around the corner — the "Ministrative" Hall. Its entrance chamber is rather small, and a large desk almost buried by huge stacks of paper dominates the space. On the front of the desk, a small rectangle of wood reads "Mr. Paperflurry." From behind the papers, you hear a high pitched muttering.

"I don't see how they expect me to get anything done with all these constant interruptions...Now where is that form?"

It seems rude to interrupt such a busy person, but Sallowpad did say that he needed to see you. You clear your throat, nervously.

The muttering stops and is replaced by a very officious, official voice. (And there's nothing worse than an officious, official voice, especially before breakfast.) "May I help you?"

You are still unable to see the speaker. "I'm here to see Sallowpad."

"Can't happen. You don't have an appointment, and he's very busy."

"Please, its quite important."

A portly rabbit trundles from behind the desk. His tall ears are poking up, and he is wearing one of those uncomfortable kinds of shirts buttoned all the way to the collar. Still worse, he peers through a pair of ugly, thick, horn-rimmed glasses and carries a large metal-gray clipboard. Without even looking up, Mr Paperflurry's voice rises still higher. "Look, I've said he was busy. If you'd just made an appointment, I might have been able to squeeze you in but with the new ruler...Oh, It's you!" The Rabbit's eyes grow wide and his whole demeanor changes.

"Your Majesty, have a seat. Just a minute. I'm sure Sallowpad will see you in a sec...immediately." Mr. Paperflurry hops off in as dignified a manner as possible through the inner door. Before you have a chance to sit down, he returns.

"Sallowpad will see you now."

The adjoining room is very different from the first. This chamber also has a large desk, but it is neat and orderly; the walls are covered with bookshelves, and the bookshelves are filled with books written in every language imaginable. There are numerous maps displayed, and a copper globe squats in the corner. Several windows to the outside are open, and a gentle sea-breeze blows through the room.

Sallowpad smiles. "Thank you, Paperflurry," he croaks to the Rabbit, and then fixes his gaze on you.

"I understand that stirring events took place last night."

You nod, and begin to tell your version of what happened. But before you have really gotten started, Sallowpad raises his wing. "Your Majesty, have you eaten yet?"

You shake your head. "I thought I should answer your letter right away."

"No. Do not speak to a beggar of politics before you have given him a coin, hmmm? Your Majesty, I can assure you that a great adventure awaits, but health is necessary for success. I think we will both find this conversation more valuable once you've eaten."

You can hardly protest when your stomach is growling loudly enough for Sallowpad to hear. He chuckles, and you agree to hurry back after a quick breakfast.

Once out of the Administrative Hall, you walk to the Dining Hall. ***Turn to 212.***

248

After all that has happened, the rest of your trip is remarkably uneventful. You arrive at Cair Paravel just as the sun sets on the horizon. The castle is a spectacular sight, with the light glinting off its windows; it glitters like a star rising above the blue ocean waves. The Narnian standard, a banner with a red lion on a green field, streams from the tallest tower. Far from a military fortification, Cair Paravel seems much more like a fairy-tale castle, with trees growing all around its crenellated walls. It is a place that is very much alive, and very much a home.

Trailhunter begins to wag his tail. "Quite a sight. It's been here as long as anyone can remember. It's at least as old as the White Witch." ***Turn to 287.***

249

Throwing one end up to Trailhunter, who is waiting at the top of the bank, you use the line to help you down. Without further mishap, you safely reach the top of the slide. ***Turn to 211.***

250

Readying your blade, you charge toward the pair, yelling. As you near them, the Werewolf growls and turns from Tumnus.

"I cannot be defeated," he says in a low, dull voice, frightening enough to curdle your blood. "No weapons can hurt me, and no blow can stun me. I am as dark as night and as strong as death. Let me kill the Faun, child, or you will die in his place." The beast's fangs gleam in the sun, and its green eyes seem lit by a murderous glow.

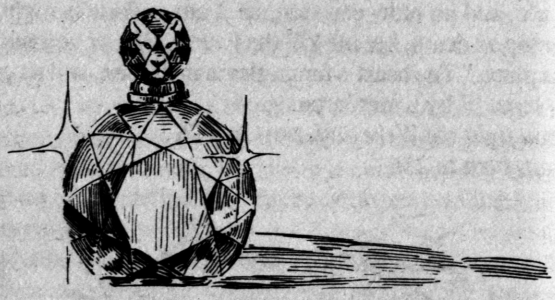
- *If you fight the Werewolf,* ***turn to 257.***
- *If not,* ***turn to 256.***

251

Standing rock-still, you hold your breath and will the cub to close its eyes. At first, your prayers seem to have succeeded; the cub — after glancing up — turns away. But horrors! The cub only turned to wake up its brother! Together, the two scramble over and begin to paw at your clothes.

Although you try to stay calm, being examined by two bears (even cubs) is too much, and you make a break for the cave mouth. ***Pick a number** and add your Perception Bonus:*

- *If 2-8, **turn to 239.***
- *If 9-12, **turn to 133.***



252

You're not at all sure you want to go to the Dwarf's meeting, and you are somewhat annoyed at him for waking you up. "I'm not going with you," you say, and try to slam the door in his face. But Ripkin is too quick and sticks his foot in the doorjamb. ***Turn to 314.***

253

Strengthened by Trailhunter's band, the Narnians wash over the villains like a great wave on a sandy beach. You join the battle at Trailhunter's side, and land two blows for each one you receive. The evil creatures fight, but they are outnumbered as more Narnians spill out of the Great Hall!

After a short melee, the remaining enemies run for the woods. You and the Narnians give chase, but the villains soon scatter. Trailhunter — fearing an ambush — calls off the pursuit and you return in triumph to the castle.

Once inside the walls, there is a discussion of Ripkin's treachery. Trailhunter only shakes his head sadly. "A conspiracy, and right here in Cair Paravel. That's a problem, and no mistake. It'll certainly make your job quite a bit harder." The Bloodhound's voice softens. "C'mon, your Majesty, let's get you back to bed." Exhausted by all that has happened, you gratefully agree. Back in your bedroom, you say goodnight to Trailhunter, close the door, then wearily put on your nightclothes. When you climb into the soft bed, your eyelids close in mere moments. ***Turn to 210.***

254

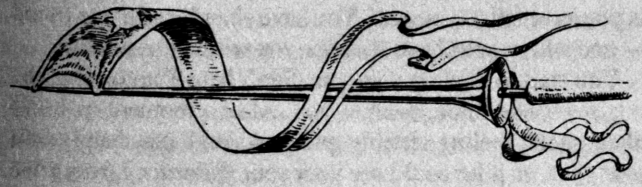
Having knocked the Dwarfs down, you leap to strike the Hag who is approaching with a length of rope. Suddenly a large hand grabs you from behind. It's the Satyr, ready to attack despite his wound. In an instant, the two Dwarfs are back on their feet; they help the Satyr pin you to the floor. The Hag ties your hands together behind your back and stuffs a filthy rag in your mouth. Like a sack of potatoes, the Satyr hoists you over his shoulder. Ripkin's small party creeps silently from the room, through the Great Hall, and out into the courtyard.

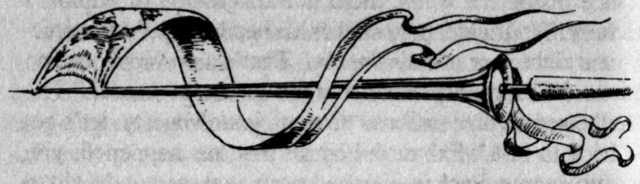
Once outside, the band is joined by another group of evil creatures that were hiding in the shadows. There are several more Wolves, a tall, thin man with a walking staff, and a hairy creature that can only be a Werewolf! ***Turn to 362.***

255

You turn to run. ***Pick a number** and add your Action bonus:*

- *If 2-5, **turn to 318.***
- *If 6-12, **turn to 230.***





256

Despite the Faun's danger, you shrink from fighting the Werewolf. Shaking, you watch in horror as the beast mauls Tumnus and raises its claws for a final, fatal strike.

Suddenly, from the corner of your eye, you see a flash of brown fur as Trailhunter leaps onto the Werewolf's back. Growling, the Werewolf turns away from Tumnus and claws the Bloodhound. Your brave friend dies with his sorrowful eyes on yours.

The Werewolf turns back to finish off Tumnus, but it is too late; the rest of the Narnians have arrived. Leaping over a He-badger, the horrid creature sprints towards the treeline, with Narnians in close pursuit.

You turn to join the chase, but after a few steps your feet no longer touch the ground. A great wind sweeps you up into the sky. Twisting and turning, you whirl higher and higher. Towering clouds whip past; beyond them, a small golden dot sits at the top of an immense cliff. As you fly closer, the dot enlarges to becomes a huge Lion, with golden fur and a tawny mane. Its long lips are pulled back in a growl.

You land not a yard from where the Lion is crouched, and immediately take a step back (putting you even closer to the perilous precipice at your heels).

"Child," says Aslan (for Aslan it is), "You have failed me as you have failed yourself. You have abandoned a true friend — one who would have died for you without hesitation."

You start to explain why you didn't help Tumnus, but the excuses sound lame, even to you. After a moment, you fall silent again, feeling terribly guilty. Aslan looks deeply into your eyes, as if he could see your soul. *Subtract 2 from your Inner Strength bonus.* ***Turn to 221.***

257

Although you are frightened almost to death (and can't think of a place you'd rather not be), you hold your ground. "Werewolf," you say, amazed at how steady your voice sounds, "Aslan sent me here to protect Narnia from danger. I won't let you kill Tumnus, I won't!" You try to keep your blade between you and your foe.

The Werewolf's mouth twists into a grimace, and his yellow teeth gleam. "I will be your death," he hisses. ***Pick a number and add your Fighting bonus:***

- *If 2-5,* ***turn to 395.***
- *If 6-9,* ***turn to 278.***
- *If 10-12,* ***turn to 355.***

258

As the Meadow falls behind, you quicken your steps to walk beside Trailhunter down the wide forest path. Along the way, the Bloodhound introduces you to two Cardinals, a Badger, and a Muskrat. All except the Badger have already heard that you were in Narnia — the Squirrels and Birds from the Meeting Meadow are hurrying to all ends of the land to spread the amazing news.

The hours pass quickly. Trailhunter has an intimate knowledge of the forest and seems to have a story about every tree, glen, and stream. Almost before you realize how tired your legs feel, the sky begins to grow dark.

The Dog looks at the setting sun and absentmindedly scratches himself behind his left ear. "It'll be another day, at least. We'll have to pitch camp." Although the idea of spending a cold night on the forest floor doesn't sound very appealing, the moment you sit down your eyes droop with sleepiness.

"Can't make a fire, but since it's summer it'll be plenty warm down here under the trees. I don't suppose you have any food, do you?"

- *If you have a cheese sandwich, or Slumberfur's jar of honey,* ***turn to 303.***
- *If you have no food,* ***turn to 171.***

259

Still treading water, you wait until a foam-topped wave carries you high into the air. Then, spying a large piece of driftwood, you set off toward it, swimming with determination. ***Turn to 339.***

260

Squinting into the sky, you immediately see what the trouble is. A huge black vulture soars in baleful circles above you. After a moment, it wheels away, turning north. You feel sure that it was watching you! What will Trailhunter think?

The Bloodhound's lip curls upward, and he growls deep inside his chest. "Grrrr. That's a problem and no mistake. Someone else knows you're here now." The way Trailhunter says 'else' scares you. "I knew nothing good would come of the Squirrels running about telling everyone. Now look what's happened. Our people at the Cair don't know what's happening, but the scoundrels do."

Trailhunter's fear and anger worry you. If something could scare the Bloodhound, it surely can't be very nice! You have half a mind to go back and take the land-route to Cair Paravel.

- *If you decide to return and take the road,* ***turn to 167.***
- *If you want to press on ahead,* ***turn to 310.***

261

You nod your head and start to pose a question, but before you can speak the first word, the Beavers bring out dessert: a huge apple strudel. Mrs. Beaver gives you a heaping spoonful and tops it with a generous dollop of whipped cream. Latherpaw tugs on your sleeve. "These are from the apple trees that Queen Lucy had planted in the orchard — there are none better." After biting into the strudel, you must agree. The delicate pastry offsets the sweet taste of the tender apples. And the whipped cream adds a smooth richness.

Latherpaw again tugs on your sleeve. "Your Majesty, if you'd like, some of us Beasts are going to have a meeting tonight to talk about what I just told you. We'd be honored if you could attend. It'll be in the middle of the orchard at midnight." You and Latherpaw are interrupted by Tumnus, who is banging his hand on the table for attention. ***Turn to 288.***

262

There is no true hope that you can defeat the evil creatures; there are just too many. Throwing the last chair leg at the Werewolf, you scamper up the stairs to the tower's ground level, out the door, and sprint toward the orchard. While your legs pump, you frantically shout "Alarm!" over and over. The castle guards come running, and a large group of Talking Animals pours out of the orchard with Trailhunter in the lead.

Ripkin's band, meanwhile, flees for its life. No sooner do the evil creatures get through the door of the Tower than they dash for the castle gate. ***Turn to 141.***

263

The She-bear spoke! You very clearly heard her say, "My goodness!" There is only one place where animals know how to speak — Narnia. Somehow, the cave has led you there! What memories you have of this strange land where beasts talk and tree spirits fill the forest! If only you might see Aslan again, and tell him all you have learned since the last time. Perhaps you may help Narnia now as you tried to help before.

But you still haven't said a word to the She-bear. Just to make sure, you ask, "Is this really Narnia?"

The She-bear seems struck dumb, and can only nod her head. Suddenly, she overcomes her fears and gives you a true bear-hug, lifting you completely off the ground. "Oh, child, thank Aslan you are here at last! All the beasts of Narnia will rejoice." ***Turn to 198.***

264

The She-bear looks unhappy. "Oh dear, I'm sorry to hear that—I'm afraid I can't wake him up without food, and I don't know where he hid the honey. Well, I'll just have to make sure you get to Cair Paravel without his help. Cubs!" Honeypaw and Furball, who had been wrestling around on the floor, leap to attention. "Take this child to Trailhunter the Bloodhound: he'll know what to do." Honeypaw latches onto your right hand while Furball takes your left. Together, the pair drags you out the cave door. Hivefinder waves good-bye and then goes back to Slumberfur. ***Turn to 306.***

265

Although you squint, there seems to be nothing there. But there must be something! You have half a mind to go back to the river and take the water-route to Cair Paravel.

- *If you decide to take the water-route,* ***turn to 389.***
- *If you press on ahead,* ***turn to 217.***

266

Arching your neck back, you press your chin against the Satyr's helmet. And the soft cloth of the gag snags on the rough metal! Jerking your head, you yank the gag from your mouth and take a deep breath. "Alarm! Alarm! I'm being kidnapped!"

The Satyr stops dead in his tracks and drops you to the ground in horror, even as the Hag scurries over to replace the gag. But the guards are already running from the castle walls, and a group of Talking Animals—led by Trailhunter—pours out of the orchard. Seeing that they are outnumbered, Ripkin's little band flees for the open gate. ***Turn to 208.***

267

Tired from the long hike, you and your companions pass between two stately firs onto the smooth green turf of the Meeting Meadow. Will Trailhunter be here? An enormous Squirrel haggles with a Woodchuck over a pile of chestnuts, several young Stags butt antlers to impress a beautiful young Doe, and two near-sighted Moles discuss a new tunnel project in the Lantern Waste.

To your right stands the largest Dog you have ever seen, a Bloodhound that can only be Trailhunter. With brown, spotted fur, ears that almost drag in the grass, and eyes that are at best half open, Trailhunter certainly doesn't seem like an individual deserving of fame and renown!

As you walk across the spongy turf, all activity stops abruptly. The Squirrel and Woodchuck fall silent; the young Stags halt in mid-leap; and even the Moles rub their eyes and ask a Hare what has happened. Trailhunter's reaction is more comical: he shakes his head violently from side to side and puts his huge nose in the air to smell your scent.

Just as the silence begins to become embarrassing, Honeypaw blurts out excitedly, "Trailhunter! Look what we've found. It's a child of Adam and Eve!"

Trailhunter leans back on one leg and scratches himself behind the ear. "I do believe it is," he says, taking another sniff. "Yes! It is a child. Lion be praised!" The Bloodhound bounds forward like a shot, right at you. At the last second he jumps, knocking you to the ground, and licks your face with big, doggy kisses. (You see, dogs in Narnia are every bit as dog-like as dogs on our world; they are just more intelligent.) After he has finished greeting you, Trailhunter sits back on his haunches and pants, his long tongue lagging almost to the ground. More cautiously, the rest of the animals move a little closer to form a semi-circle.

Trailhunter looks a bit sheepish. "Sorry about that, your Majesty, I just got a little bit excited. It's been a long time since I've seen a human, and they are a dog's best friend, you know."

Trailhunter is certainly nothing like what you expected! "The Bears said that you'd take me to Cair Paravel."

"Harumph!" Trailhunter resumes his perch on one leg and again begins to scratch behind his ear. "I can see how that would be a good idea." He scratches faster and harder. "After all, we don't know if Aslan is coming too or not. Besides...oh, blast it all, would you scratch behind my ear?"

You obligingly find the right spot, just as you would scratch behind a dog's ear at home. Trailhunter looks much happier.

"Ahhhhh, that's better. It's been so long since High King Peter — Lion bless him — used to do that. Well, as I was saying, we'll have to get to the castle in order to see if Aslan's there and to find out what the danger is."

"Danger?" says an elderly Woodchuck. "Who said anything about 'danger'?"

Trailhunter turns to the Animals. "Aslan only brings human children to Narnia when Narnia is in danger. Didn't the High King Peter and his fellows come during Narnia's time of greatest need?" A few of the older Animals nod their heads. "And isn't Narnia a land for a human to rule?" Again, a few nod their heads knowingly.

Trailhunter turns back to you. "Your Majesty, we should be off to the Cair immediately. They'll be so happy to hear that you've arrived. At the very least, we'll have to tell Tumnus the Faun and Sallowpad the Raven. You and I can talk on the way." With a wave to the Bears and to the other beasts of the Meeting Meadow, you follow the Bloodhound down the forest trail to Cair Paravel.

Thousands of questions crowd your thoughts. What danger could Narnia possibly be in? And how could Aslan have brought you here? You were the one that found the cave with Jeremy. And how do the animals know so much about humans? And who was King Peter?

- *If you ask about the danger to Narnia,* ***turn to 231.***
- *If you ask Trailhunter how Aslan could have brought you here,* ***turn to 117.***
- *If you ask Trailhunter how the Animals know so much about humans,* ***turn to 336.***
- *If you keep your questions to yourself,* ***turn to 258.***

268

Although you hate to be thought a coward, you decide to leave the fighting to the soldiers. Trailhunter's band joins the rest of the Narnians, and together they wash over the villains like a great wave on a sandy beach. The evil creatures fight, but they are outnumbered as even more Narnians spill out of the Great Hall!

After a short melee, the remaining foes run for the woods. The Narnians give chase, but soon return to the castle. When monsters roam, the forest is no place for decent folk at night! Trailhunter scampers up to you, tail wagging wildly, and together you discuss Ripkin's treachery. The Bloodhound can only shake his head sadly.

"A conspiracy, and right here in Cair Paravel. That's a problem, and no mistake. It'll certainly make your job quite a bit harder." His voice softens. "C'mon, your Majesty, let's get you back to bed." Exhausted by all that has happened, you gratefully agree. Back in your bedroom, you say goodnight to Trailhunter and close the door, then wearily put on your nightclothes. You are asleep within moments of climbing into the downy bed. ***Turn to 210.***

269

Trailhunter motions to a Dwarf, who pulls a gleaming sword out of a scabbard. "I thought you might be wanting this, your Majesty, especially since we'll be going in to battle. It's one of King Edmund's favorites; I think you'll like it."

Taking the sword from the Dwarf, you make a few tentative swings in the air. The sun's rays glitter along the blade, turning the steel golden. ***Turn to 100.***

270

Leaning against a mossy tree trunk, you shake your head and smile wearily at your young guides. Honeypaw grins, and Furball urges you onward by tugging at your trouser leg. By midday, they have not yet located the famous Bloodhound. And you are tired and famished.

- *If you have a cheese sandwich,* ***turn to 177.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 354.***

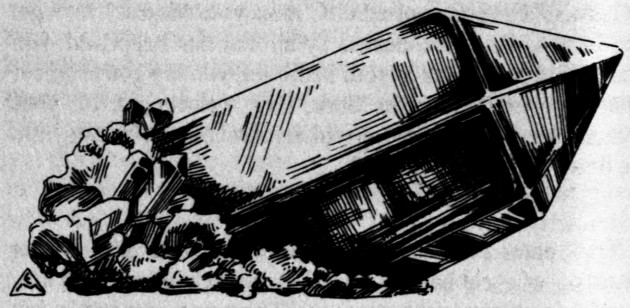
271

You raise your glass. "I offer a toast to Aslan and Narnia!" There is a loud cheer from most of the animals and another loud clinking of glasses. ***Pick a number** and add your Perception bonus:*

- *If 2-6, **turn to 233.***
- *If 7-12, **turn to 243.***

272

You refuse to flee from the evil creatures. (Didn't Father always say, "Never show the white feather, and you'll do well" or some such piece of advice?) You ride boldly into their midst, coming to a stop in front of the tall, thin man. ***Turn to 329.***



273

Slumberfur lumbers to his feet, stretching, and tries to scratch his back, but cannot quite reach it. After one more prodigious yawn, he opens his eyes and blinks at you. And blinks again. Finally, he rubs his eyes, touches you, and quickly he glances at his mate. "Is this why you woke me up?"

The She-bear nods demurely.

Slumberfur looks at you again, and his pink nose blushes even pinker. Hastily he drops to one knee and kisses your hand. "Your Majesty," he says in almost-reverent tones. "Welcome back to Narnia."

You are, understandably, flustered. Slumberfur seems even more certain than his wife that you are an important person. You don't quite know what to say. All you can stammer is, "What should I do?"

"Do?" The Bear looks pensive. "Well, the first thing to do is to get you some honey. It'll put some hair on your back. Then, we should find Trailhunter the Bloodhound. He's quite a good fellow, although a bit friendly and excitable, if you know what I mean. But he's good-natured like all dogs, and he's leaving for Cair Paravel today; he'll get you there in time for dinner tomorrow night. The animals at the castle will know what to do."

Reaching behind a large rock, Slumberfur pulls out a ceramic jar of fresh honey. Although you would rather not eat honey without toast or at least biscuits, how can you politely refuse the Bears' hospitality? And once you try some, you have to agree with the Slumberfur; it is good honey — golden and smelling just like fresh clover flowers. Once the adults and you have had your fill, the two cubs fight over the nearly empty jar, licking it clean (and getting themselves quite sticky in the process).

Slumberfur looks very content and ready to fall asleep again. Hivefinder glances at him disapprovingly. "Oh yes," says the He-bear, shaking himself. "We have to find Trailhunter — he'll know what should be done next." After licking his paws, he takes you by the hand and leads you from the cave, with Honeypaw and Furball at his heels. The She-bear smiles and waves good-bye.

Once outside, Slumberfur hands you a small jar of honey, holding it high above the grasping paws of his two cubs. "This is for you; it is a jar of my very best honey, harvested over three years ago. It is the most valuable gift I can give you. When you eat it, think of me and my family." The Bear's eyes are moist with affection, and the Cubs grin at you. You are pleased, and thank Slumberfur warmly for his generous gift. *Add the honey to your Character Record.* ***Turn to 306.***

274

You stare at the wand. It is made of shiny gold and tingles in your hand. You turn it in your fingers, then point it at the Witch. Her pale face grows even whiter than before (if you can imagine that), and for the first time a glint of fear shines in her eyes. She starts to back away, but is stopped by the very statues she created.

"Child," she says, her voice as smooth as honey. "I underestimated you. You have proven yourself to be a brave and mighty warrior, and fair of face, too. You have even bested me! Behold what you grasp in your hand. That wand is power. Of all the people in Narnia, only you, a child of Adam and Eve, and I, a child of Charn, can use it. But why must we fight over it? Let us share this mighty artifact. Surely, there is more than enough power for both of us. If we joined our forces, we could rule over Narnia together. And when I die, you will inherit all. Think of the possibilities. You could have a golden crown with more diamonds and rubies than you could count. There would be flowing furs and hundreds of servants to do whatever you wanted them to. Feasts, minstrels, amusing courtiers, and many more delights. You might even become a great warlord, and Narnia could swallow up all the land as far as the eye could see. Look at these animals and beasts — they will do whatever you say! Give me back my wand, and we will rule together!"

***Pick a number** and add your Inner Strength bonus:*

- *If 2-6, **turn to 371.***
- *If 7-12, **turn to 373.***

275

You apologize politely to Slick, but decide a slide down a mudbank isn't suitable to your dignity. Waving good-bye (and blushing (were you showing the white feather?), you and Trailhunter continue on the path to Cair Paravel. ***Turn to 404.***

276

Grabbing your knapsack, you step outside and pull the door softly shut. The time has come for a decision. Will you meet Trailhunter and Latherpaw in the orchard, or Ripkin in the South Tower?

- *If you go to the orchard, **turn to 185.***
- *If you go to the South Tower, **turn to 135.***

277

In response to their cheer, you draw out the blade that Trailhunter gave you at Cair Paravel. The sun's early rays make the blade shine with a golden glow. ***Turn to 100.***

278

The Werewolf leaps for your throat, and its claws tear at your clothing. You twist away, maneuvering between your foe and Tumnus. But the Werewolf is as relentless as you are unskilled. Ducking under one of your swings, he bites your leg, then cuffs you across the chin, knocking you unconscious! ***Turn to 281.***

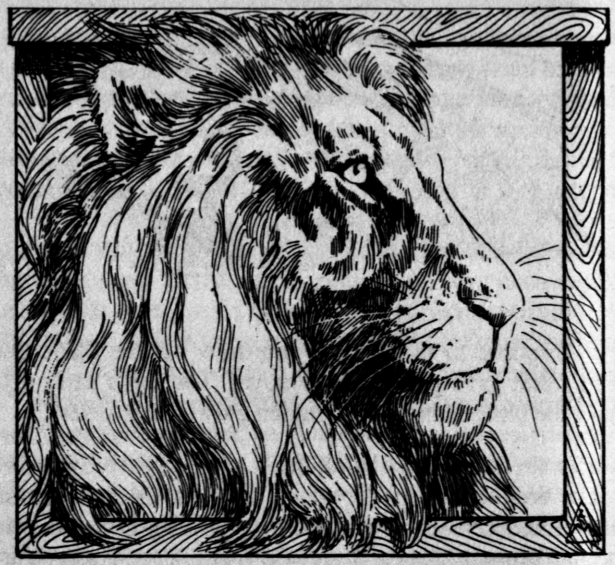
279

Jumping up, you grab the chair and swing it like a club. The Hag (that's the old woman!) leaps toward you, and other figures charge out of the darkness. ***Pick a number** and add your Fighting bonus:*

- *If 2-9, **turn to 190.***
- *If 10-12, **turn to 380.***

280

Unable to help yourself, you yawn widely. Trailhunter looks at you with concern. "Your Majesty has had a hard couple of days. I think it's time that you got to sleep." The two of you walk across the courtyard to the Great Hall. Saying goodnight to the Bloodhound, you go up to your room, change into your nightclothes, and lie down heavily in the soft bed. Moments later, you sink into a deep sleep. ***Turn to 163.***



281

You wake in an airy, whitewashed room with the morning sun streaming through the window. The bed is soft and cozy, and a small bunch of tulips nod in a vase on the nightstand next to your elbow. Someone has carefully bandaged your leg, and the pain has dulled to only a slight throb. A bruise covers a tender area on your chin where the Werewolf cuffed you. Next to the bed stands an elderly female Muskrat who seems to be your nurse.

Seeing that you are awake, the She-Muskrat wipes a wet piece of cheese-cloth across your forehead. "Are we feeling any better, dearest?" Before you can answer, she sticks a long thermometer in your mouth and looks carefully in each eye. Then she pulls the thermometer from your mouth and checks it against the bright sunlight. "Tut, tut," she clucks. "Much better. The future Ruler of Narnia will be up and around in no time." She smiles, crinkling her eyes.

You are curious about the outcome of the battle, and whether your brave action saved Mr. Tumnus. Before she can bustle out the door for a fresh pillow, you call to her, "Nurse, what happened in the battle? Did Mr. Tumnus live? And what about the animals that were turned into statues?"

"Shhhh," replies the Muskrat, "all in good time. You were quite the hero, or so they tell me. But I'm sure that Mr. Tumnus and Aslan will tell you the whole story."

"Aslan! He's here?"

"Oh, yes. He and Mr. Tumnus have been waiting for you to wake up quite anxiously, but I wouldn't let either of them stay in the room with you." She notices your look of surprise. "No sir, not even Aslan himself will disturb one of my patients. Although I must say he was very polite about asking."

Eagerly you try to get out of the bed and onto your feet. The nurse hurries over anxiously, but at that moment the face of a large Lion fills the open window. Light seems to flow from his golden mane, and a sweet fragrance fills the room. You don't think you have ever seen or smelled anything so wonderful.

- *If you have been to Narnia before,* ***turn to 286.***
- *If this is your first time in Narnia,* ***turn to 284.***

282

This is quite enough! If you don't try and get out soon, then you won't be able to escape at all. Narnia needs your help — this prison is no place to begin.

Your mind whirls with plans. The most obvious would be to break down the door with your shoulder, and then fight the guards. A stealthier plan might work better; like pretending to be sick so that the guard would open the door himself. Or you could set the straw on fire with the lantern, and perhaps the guard would open the door to put out the fire. Or do you have something to bribe him with?

- *If you try to batter the door down,* ***turn to 238.***
- *If you pretend that you are sick,* ***turn to 223.***
- *If you set the straw on fire,* ***turn to 296.***
- *If you have the Quartz Crystal and want to bribe the guards,* ***turn to 118.***

283

Woodchuck or no Woodchuck, you can't afford to be captured.

You wheel Fleetfoot around, and the Pony takes off at a gallop with the Woodchuck's pleas ringing in your ears. When you round a bend in the road, a huge Lion looms ahead of you. He looks extremely angry. As Fleetfoot skids to a stop, the Lion roars — a roar that seems to shake the ground itself.

With a snort of terror, Fleetfoot rears on his hind legs, throwing you from his back. You hit the ground, and the wind is knocked out of your lungs. By the time you have gotten to your feet, the Horse has galloped off, leaving a trail of dust in his wake. Strangely, the Lion has disappeared too.

Then Canis and the rest of his wolf pack sprint around the bend, followed by the Satyr and the Warlock. Canis races over to you, his voice a low growl.

"You shouldn't have tried to escape, your Worship. It won't happen again." Silently, the rest of the pack circles in.

The Satyr grabs you roughly by the shoulders and binds your hands tightly behind your back. Next, a blindfold is tied over your eyes. *Subtract 2 from your Inner Strength bonus.* ***Turn to 312.***

284

"And what is the meaning of this?" asks Aslan (for Aslan it is) in a resonant voice. Though you have not met him before, his light-filled, joyous eyes are loving. You feel strangely happy and afraid at the same time — you wish you might bury your face in the Lion's deep mane or frolic in the grass with him or bow before him in deepest reverence. ***Turn to 298.***

285

Something in the man's voice is disturbing. The way he says 'needs' sounds uncomfortably like the way your mother says "We 'need' some beef to make stew tonight." Whatever he has planned, it can't be very nice.

Of course, drowning is not very nice either — perhaps you should take his hand after all.

- *If you grab the man's hand,* ***turn to 368.***
- *If you refuse it and keep swimming,* ***turn to 386.***

286

To your surprise and delight, it is Aslan himself. "Aslan!" you cry, eager to bury your face in his mane or to frolic in the grass with him. ***Turn to 298.***

287

"White Witch," you say, turning to look at your companion. "Who is she? She sounds quite dreadful."

"That she was. The White Witch was the worst enemy we Narnians have ever had to face. She came from far away and ruled all the land after the sacred Tree of Protection was killed. It was always winter and never Christmas. She called herself a daughter of Eve, but she wasn't — not really. She was from somewhere else." Trailhunter looks thoughtful. "She called herself 'Queen,' but true Narnians only called her the Witch. Let's go inside. Some of them actually remember what it was like while she was still around, and can tell you better than I can."

"But my goodness!" you exclaim as you near the castle gate. "What happened to her?"

"Like all villains, she got hers in the end. Aslan brought four children — like yourself — to Narnia to stop her. The children defeated her — with Aslan's help, of course — and became the Kings and Queens of Narnia." ***Turn to 154.***

288

In a few moments, the entire hall has grown quiet. Tumnus, who must have eaten twice what you did (which was really quite a lot) slowly gets to his feet and raises a half-full wineglass.

"My fellow Narnians, I would like to offer a toast: to our future ruler — the child!"

The hall resounds with cries of "Hear, hear!" and the clinking of glasses. Then all the Narnians look to you for your toast. Although you've never before spoken in front of this many people, you get to your feet and clear your throat.

- *If you offer a toast to "Aslan and Narnia,"* ***turn to 271.***
- *If you offer a toast to the hospitality of your hosts,* ***turn to 321.***

289

There is no true hope that you can defeat the evil creatures — there are just too many. "I give up. Don't hurt me," you plead.

The Hag ties your hands tightly behind your back and stuffs a filthy rag in your mouth. When you are trussed so securely that movement is impossible, the Satyr tosses you, like a sack of potatoes, over his shoulder. Ripkin takes the lantern, and the entire group walks up the stairs and into the courtyard. ***Turn to 362.***

290

"I'll never surrender!" you shout, drawing the blade that Trailhunter gave you. In an instant the Dwarfs rush forward, trying to pull you from your horse. Fleetfoot, unfortunately, is only a colt and not a trained warhorse — he can do little to break out of the circle. In an instant, the Dwarfs have you on the ground while the rest keep Fleetfoot at bay. Moments before Grackle — one of the Dwarfs — stuffs a rag in your mouth, you yell "Run! Run back to Cair Paravel! Tell Trailhunter..."

"You'll pay for that," says Grackle, as Fleetfoot gallops away. Drawing back his fist, the Dwarf punches you right on the chin. You are knocked out! ***Turn to 225.***

291

Outside, the air blows fresh and cool against your flushed cheeks as you run down the road away from the jail. You glance back at your prison; it was a Dwarfish cave-home built into the side of a hill.

Soon you are out of breath and have to slow down. Nearby, a handsome young Colt eats clover at the side of the road.

- *If you have met Fleetfoot,* ***turn to 364.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 181.***

292

There is no reason to run as long as you are able to fight!

Pick a number *and add your Fighting bonus:*

- *If 2-10,* ***turn to 195.***
- *If 11-12,* ***turn to 369.***

293

Clearing your throat a little impatiently (the young Squirrel certainly has a way with words), you politely but firmly interrupt Twitterleaf. "Thank you for looking out for me. I'm going up to the Witch's Castle to find..."

Twitterleaf's eyes grow wide, and you feel Fleetfoot shift uncomfortably beneath you. "You don't mean the 'Haunted Castle' do you?"

"Yes."

Twitterleaf looks frightened. "Oh, your Majesty, don't, don't, don't go in there. They say that the White Witch still walks the halls and will throw you into her dungeon or turn you to stone. They say..."

You interrupt again, "Who says these things?"

"Oh, you know. Everybody."

Pick a number *and add your Perception bonus:*

- *If 2-5,* ***turn to 166.***
- *If 6-12,* ***turn to 168.***

294

Alas, your foot slips, and you slide down the hill along with a scattering of loose rocks. When you reach bottom you jump to your feet, but it is too late — you've been seen! A moment later, Dwarfs and Wolves surround you. Then the tall, thin man pushes through the circle. He is wearing a black silky robe and carries a walking stick.

"What have we here?" he demands.

You hardly know what to say or do. "I'm here to save Narnia," you say truthfully, your voice shaking.

"Is that so?" The man looks behind you to where the Dwarfs brandish their picks and the Wolves bare their fangs. "If I were you, child, I would be more concerned with saving myself."

You don't like this at all! One Dwarf pulls out a long length of rope and steps forward to stand beside the man.

You won't give up without a fight! Drawing the blade given to you by Trailhunter, you charge. Although you fight bravely, the battle is futile — there are just too many opponents. As you whirl to face a foe at your back, you feel a heavy blow to your head. You've been knocked out! ***Turn to 225.***

295

"Of course, Trailhunter's message wasn't the first we'd heard. You see, I got word when Redfeather the Cardinal flew up to my Father's Oak tree while we were looking for acorns. He told us that a child had been brought to Narnia by Aslan, and that King Peter had come too. Well, we all know that Redfeather has a way of blowing things out of proportion, so my friends and I wanted to find out the truth for ourselves. We were eating acorns when one of them said 'Twit,' you see, that's what they call me, I don't know why. 'Twit, why don't we go looking for him?' So off we ran."

- *If you interrupt the Squirrel,* ***turn to 293.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 162.***

296

Standing on tiptoe, you can grab the lantern off its hook. Then, standing next to the door, you toss it onto your mattress.

Instantly, the straw erupts into flame, and the room is bathed in a brilliant glow. The fire is quite hot and smoky, so you shrink as close as possible to the locked door.

- *If you stand,* ***turn to 114.***
- *If you crouch near the ground,* ***turn to 128.***

297

Gripping the handrail tightly, you slowly ascend the stairs to the tower. There are no landings, and the stairs are so steep that one wrong move could send you tumbling all the way to the bottom! About every twenty steps, there is an arrow slit that would once have allowed archers to shoot at attackers outside. These slits provide your only light.

After climbing until your legs are tired, you reach the top of the tower — a single circular bedroom. The chamber is musty and old, but the furniture is surprisingly well preserved. The room has several windows, a wooden chest of drawers, a large mahogany table with four throne-like chairs, and a four-poster brass bed. Plush red carpet covers the floor.

You search the room thoroughly for the copper bottle, but can't find it anywhere. You dig through the entire chest, and even look between the mattresses. Obviously, you'll need to search elsewhere in the castle. It's getting late!

Trying to guess how much time you have left, you prop your head on the windowsill and gaze out into the rapidly darkening sky.

To your horror, the valley before the castle is filled with a huge crowd carrying torches. The flickering light shows evil faces — Satyrs and Ettins, Ogres and Black Dwarfs, and even a Werewolf. At the head of the procession strides the tall, thin man. Instead of a torch he holds a broken rod. The ends of the rod gleam with an eerie bluish flame.

You duck back in the window, your heart pounding and your mouth dry. Outside, the man shouts in a mighty voice, "My people! We stand before her Castle — the symbol of her strength. Find her copper bottle, and I — a Warlock — will weave the spell that will bring her back. I command you!"

If only Trailhunter were here! The evil horde rushes past the Warlock, over the shattered wall, and into the courtyard. Desperately you look about the room for some way to escape, but there is only the single staircase. Already the evil creatures move in the hall below. Doors creak open, and steps sound on the stairs up to the tower.

There are few things worse than listening to an enemy climb a flight of stairs with you at the top and nowhere to go! The rhythmic "creak, creak" of the villains' steps is enough to drive you to tears. Despairing, you crouch behind the bed.

Soon, a hulking Ogre steps into the room, followed by two Black Dwarfs and a grey-furred Wolf. You recognize one of the Dwarfs as Ripkin.

No sooner do the Dwarfs enter than Ripkin spots you. "Whoa, ho! If it isn't the young Majesty. Looks like you saved us the trouble of looking for you, brat. Now give yourself up, nice and easy."

It's hard to imagine overcoming these villains, and even if you did, there are so many creatures downstairs. Still, you hate to surrender without a fight.

- *If you surrender peacefully,* ***turn to 383.***
- *If you fight,* ***turn to 406.***

The nurse folds her arms across her chest and frowns severely, "Begging your pardon, Mr. Aslan, but this young human is trying to get out of bed, when by all rights it's far too soon for that. I take pride in my work, and there is no way that the future ruler of Narnia is going to..."

"Nurse," interrupts Aslan gently. "Let me see the child's injury."

The nurse points to the bruise on your chin, then carefully and slowly unwraps the bandage on your leg. The wound is deep and jagged, inflamed by the Werewolf's fetid teeth.

Aslan sticks his head halfway into the room to look more closely. "And this keeps the child in bed?"

"Yes sir, and rightly so. There is no way that a young thing — especially a young human, everyone knows how fragile they are — should be walking around with a leg looking like that. Not even if you say it's all right, begging your pardon, sir."

Aslan looks amused. "So this human can only walk after he has healed?"

"That's right, sir."

"So be it." For the first time Aslan turns to you. "And you, child, have performed admirably, courageously, and heroically. This wound is no proper reward for such actions." Leaning down, the Lion gently touches his tongue to the wound, and the pain goes away. Amazingly, the wound is closed. When the Lion touches his tongue to your chin, the bruise disappears. Then, he looks you square in the face and breathes on you. The fragrant breath warms you from head to toe: you have never felt better! Aslan looks expectantly at the nurse.

"Now, may I go?" you ask politely.

The nurse looks at where the wound was, then looks again. "I can't see any reason to keep you here," she mutters, "although I swear by the Lion's Mane, you'll be sick again within the week." She clucks her tongue. Joyously you race outside to Aslan. ***Turn to 360.***

Despite the Witch's friendly words, you still don't trust her. Something is wrong with her logic! Latherpaw the Raccoon worms her way up to you.

"Don't listen to her," pipes Latherpaw in a high-pitched voice. "She's trying to fool you. She's no child of Adam and Eve: she's not even human. All she wants is her wand, and then she'll turn you to stone!"

The Witch's eyes blaze with a sudden fire. "Begone, you foul beast, and be silent, or I will cut out your tongue!"

Latherpaw shrinks back, but the Witch's harsh words have conveyed everything you need to know — her promises and compliments were only a trick! Like a person waking up from a dream, you shake yourself and wonder how you could have ever considered being a part of the Witch's schemes.

She notices the change in you, and her eyes darken. "So, you'd deny me my rightful throne, would you?" The Witch gets to her feet and takes a step towards you. "You little beast, to think you could defy me! I offered you a chance to join me, but you refused. Now you shall pay." She takes another step forward, almost close enough to grab her wand back.

- *If you turn the Witch into stone,* ***turn to 116.***
- *If you break the wand,* ***turn to 372.***

You don't want Jeremy to leave you behind, and besides, your mother won't worry too much, so long as you're back for lunch. Still, you feel a twinge of remorse as the door slams.

Once outside, you circle around the main house to the barn. The farm is strangely quiet in the morning, very different from the noise and bustle once everyone (and all the animals) have waked up. Morning dew shines from every blade of grass and a light breeze drifts through the fields. Walking into the pine forest, you follow the path to the cave mouth.

Since Jeremy is older (as well as more pushy), he demands that he go first. After a brief argument, Jeremy has his way and squirms through the hole. You wait several minutes, then crawl in after him. *Subtract 1 from your Inner Strength bonus.* ***Turn to 367.***

301

Maybe these villains aren't so tough after all! Throwing away the one chair leg you still have left, you vault over the bannister and kick the Werewolf in the face. The creature tries to back away, but you are relentless and chase after it, raining punches on its chest and face.

Suddenly the Werewolf stops backpedaling and growls menacingly. It was a trick! Many paces from the stairs (your escape route), you are now surrounded by evil creatures. Three Wolves stand at your back. A deep chuckle comes from the darkness. "You should have fled while you had the chance, brat." Your foes close in.

Victory is hopeless. In moments, powerful hands grab you while the Hag ties your wrists together and stuffs a filthy rag in your mouth. When you are trussed so securely that movement is impossible, the Satyr tosses you, like a sack of potatoes, over his shoulder. Ripkin takes the lantern, and the entire group climbs up the stairs and into the courtyard. ***Turn to 362.***

302

Despite Brinetooth's assurances, you'd still feel better with both feet on dry land. With a brisk farewell, you and Trailhunter plunge into the river, alternately wading and swimming across. At the other side, you clamber out and Trailhunter shakes himself dry. Then, with a final wave to Brinetooth on the opposite bank, you both start down the road.

But something doesn't quite seem right. The river water feels clammy on your skin, but it is more than that. It's as if someone is watching your every movement, and someone none too friendly, either. Trailhunter seems uneasy too. Though his eyes remain nearly closed, his nose is held high, sniffing the wind.

"What's wrong?" you ask. "Is something bothering you too?"

"I'm not sure. Harumph. Look over through the trees; your eyes are better than mine." ***Pick a number*** *and add your Perception bonus:*

- *If 2-6,* ***turn to 265.***
- *If 7-12,* ***turn to 224.***

303

"Well, yes I do," you admit, pulling open your knapsack. Trailhunter wags his tail vigorously, and the two of you swallow a hasty meal, washed down with stream water. *Erase the food from your Character Record.* ***Turn to 242.***

304

Across the room there is a surprise — a shiny suit of chain mail is draped across the desk! Atop it rests a sword in a leather scabbard and a lengthy handwritten note. Stretching, you get out of bed. The note is written in a strong, deliberate script.

My dear Majesty,

I decided after last night's adventures to rustle up some of the old armor that we had in the castle armory. I don't know how well it'll fit — I didn't want to wake you up to size it. I'd like you to wear it even if it gets a bit stuffy — my Dwarf friends tell me nothing'll keep you safer in a pinch than a good suit of mail. The sword is one of King Edmund's favorites. Just carry it at your side, learn to use it little by little — who knows, it might be useful. Later, if there's time, I'll get one of the Dwarfs to teach you some strokes.

This morning has been as exciting as last night — whatever you are here to stop has started. First we heard that three Ettins had attacked the Marsh-wiggles near Ettinsmoor. No sooner had I dispatched Dwarf warriors than we heard that a huge Kraken had appeared out of the depths of the ocean and was wrecking Narnian boats along the South Coast. There's even rumors that a Minotaur was seen rampaging in the Western Wilds. I sent Terrus the Centaur and some of the faster beasts to deal with it. And to top it all off, Sharptalon the Eagle thinks he saw a Spectre haunting the Meeting Meadow. That's the expedition I'm leading. So if anything else happens, I guess it's up to you. All the same, don't worry about being alone — we've spread the word and every Talking Animal in Narnia will be on the lookout for you. If you leave the castle, don't forget to tell Sallowpad or Tumnus. Sorry about last night. I hope you slept well.

Your most loyal servant,
Trailhunter

Attached to the note is a postscript, written in a spidery script completely unlike Trailhunter's handwriting. It says:

P.S. When you awaken, see me immediately. Sallowpad

Having finished reading, you dress, then slip the note into your pocket. Getting the chainmail tunic on over your head requires a bit of persistence, but at last you succeed and strap on the sword.

Although you expected the armor to be quite heavy, it fits you rather nicely and is surprisingly easy to wear. (It is fine Narnian mail made by Dwarfs, and is thus lighter than anything you would find in our world.)

The sword, however, is more than a little clumsy. After adjusting the scabbard (and hiking it up higher than your belt, I might add) you are able to walk across the room without stumbling. When you slowly draw the blade, the sun gleams off the polished steel, reflecting prisms all over the room. Engraved on the pommel is an inscription: "Given to King Edmund the Just of Narnia by King Lune of Archenland on this Fifth Anniversary of the Battle of Anvard." Reverently you push the sword back in the scabbard.

There is no time to waste; after all, you've slept most of the morning away already. And Sallowpad's message sounded urgent. On the other hand, perhaps you should start the day out with breakfast.

Mark down the chainmail and sword on your Character Record. Each item adds 1 to your Fighting bonus — together they add +2 to your bonus. If you lose an item, you lose a bonus. ***Turn to 247.***

305

You wish you had brought the jacket and shiver in the numbing cold. Though sympathetic, your companions can do nothing to help you — after all, they can hardly take off their own coats! Stamping your feet to keep them warm, you follow the bears down the long path. *Subtract 1 from your Action and Fighting bonuses until you spend a night indoors.* ***Turn to 202.***

306

You now have a sweeping view of the surrounding countryside. The Bears' cave is located high upon the side of a mountain range. From its entrance, a narrow path leads along the edge of a steep precipice, then down to the lower-lying forests and fields. At this height, the towering trees below look like toothpicks and the lakes like raindrops.

Unfortunately, with the elevation, the air is quite cold, and the gusty wind blows right through your thin shirt.

- *If you brought your jacket,* ***turn to 328.***
- *If not,* ***turn to 305.***

307

You didn't promise to go to either meeting, and you badly need to get some rest. You climb into bed and pull up the silky sheets. You are asleep almost before your head hits the pillow. ***Turn to 163.***

308

You'd do anything to stop the Wolves from hurting the young Woodchuck.

Dismounting from Fleetfoot, you slowly walk back up the hill. The Wolf chuckles mirthlessly and takes his paw off the baby's head. With a heartwarming look of gratitude, the Woodchuck dives into the bushes next to the trail. Canis stares at you with his yellow eyes.

"You shouldn't have come back, your Majesty. You won't get away again." Soundlessly the rest of the wolf pack circles in — escape is impossible!

You stand motionless until the muscular Satyr runs up with a long length of rope. Grabbing you roughly, he binds your hands behind your back. Then, just as the Warlock appears, the Satyr ties a thick blindfold around your eyes. *Add 1 to your Inner Strength bonus.* ***Turn to 312.***

309

After a long time, you return to your senses. Your leg and chin no longer hurt. With eyes still closed, you gently run your hand along your leg, but the skin is smooth. There isn't even a scar where the Werewolf bit you.

Slowly, you open your eyes and look around. To your surprise, you are no longer on the field at Cair Paravel. You seem to be lying in a grassy meadow atop a high mountain, shaded by towering pine trees. A small brook burbles over rocks between mossy banks to a cliff which falls away forever. It is beautiful and more than a little frightening.

Directly in front of you sits a creature more wonderful than the striking landscape: an immense Lion with a flowing, golden mane. Although you can't be certain, in your heart you feel sure that the creature is smiling.

"Child," says Aslan (for Aslan it is), "Wake up. It is time for you to return home."

The Lion's voice warms you, and his breath is a fragrant breeze. You want to bury your head in his mane or frolic in the grass with him. At the same time, your heads spins with a thousand questions. "But...but Aslan, what happened?"

Aslan looks warmly at you. "You were very brave, child. Saving a friend from a Werewolf is a deed of great valor. You will be remembered in Narnia for many years."

You are still very confused.

- *If you ask him about Mr. Tumnus,* ***turn to 323.***
- *If you ask him about the battle,* ***turn to 333.***

310

Having resolved to get to Cair Paravel by boat, you and your two companions glide quickly downstream. It soon becomes clear that Brinetooth is an expert riverman; he knows the location of every sandbar and eddy. Almost before you realize it, the River Runner has left the Great River and is sailing in the Ocean! Despite the rapid progress, Brinetooth seems worried: he keeps looking back over his shoulder. Finally, you can't stand the mystery any longer. "Brinetooth," you ask, "What's wrong?"

The Water Rat points to the clouds that are blowing in from the north. "See them? Those are storm clouds. *Winter* storm clouds. I don't know why they're there, but they are. I'd have sworn today'd be clear as crystal."

Before an hour has passed, it becomes obvious even to you that a tremendous storm is brewing. The wind has started to gust, and the waves that lash the sides of the small boat are topped with white foam. Still more disturbing, the air blowing off the ocean has become much colder. Brinetooth wasn't joking when he called it a winter storm!

The tempest quickly takes control of the little boat: the River Runner is tossed about like a piece of bark. You cling to the gunwale desperately. Brinetooth is shouting to you, but his words are blown away. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Perception bonus:*

- *If 2-7,* ***turn to 234.***
- *If 8-12,* ***turn to 136.***

311

You have no intention of going with the Dwarf; you decided to skip his meeting anyway. "No, I won't go with you. I'm sleeping!" you say, and angrily try to shut the door in his face. But Ripkin is too quick and sticks his foot in the doorjamb. ***Turn to 314.***

312

The Satyr hoists you over his shoulder and strides away with your knees bumping against his chest. The creature's bony collar bone pokes you in the stomach, and you wonder how long this walk will last. From the rustle of leaves and cracking of twigs behind you, it sounds as if the Satyr has been joined by a large number of other creatures (presumably evil ones, although you can't be sure).

At last, when your ribs feel like they're going to snap and your head whirls from dangling upside down for so long, you are laid down on a hard, flat surface. All has grown very quiet. The surface you are lying on is cold, like stone, and a cool breeze blows through the trees. Strong hands tie you down so securely that you cannot move at all. ***Turn to 147.***

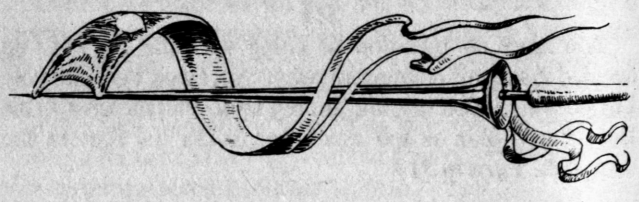
313

"It doesn't matter whether Aslan spoke to this High King Peter or not," you say petulantly. "He told me all about you and that's that."

The Raven's eyes grow harder. "Have a care, child, before you put words into his mouth. Aslan never, never, tells the story of another. Do not lie about something if you know nothing of it."

The Raven's words ring true, and you look down at the floor in shame. "You're right, Aslan didn't speak to me. In fact, Aslan hasn't told me anything. I don't have the slightest idea why I'm here."

Sallowpad looks happier. "Telling the truth is no shame, and neither is ignorance. But as King Edmund once learned, to appear as something more than you truly are can have unforeseen consequences." *Subtract 1 from your Inner Strength bonus.* ***Turn to 138.***



314

As soon as his foot stops the door from closing, the Dwarf pushes on it to force it open. And that's not all — there are several other voices in the hallway.

Under their combined weights, the door slowly opens. Leaping back, you grab the reading chair, ready to use it as a club if need be.

The Black Dwarf walks in, followed by the Satyr, his dinner companion, two other Dwarfs, two Wolves, and an elderly woman.

Ripkin's voice turns nasty. "All right, a couple of you hold him so the Hag can tie him up." The Dwarfs and the Satyr move menacingly toward you.

- *If you fight,* ***turn to 134.***
- *If you give up,* ***turn to 187.***

315

"It doesn't matter what Aslan told this King Frank. I told Aslan I'd make a good ruler, and he sent me here for that very reason. And that's that."

The Raven's once warm eyes grow colder. "Have a care, child, before you put words in his mouth. Aslan never, never, condones arrogance. Pride goes before a fall. Next time do not lie about something of which you know nothing."

The Raven's words ring true, and you look down at the floor in shame. "You're right, Aslan didn't speak to me. In fact, Aslan hasn't told me anything. I don't have the slightest idea why I'm here."

Sallowpad looks happier. "Telling the truth is no shame, and neither is ignorance. But as King Edmund once learned, trying to appear as something more than you truly are can have unforeseen consequences." *Subtract 2 more from your Inner Strength bonus.* ***Turn to 138.***

316

The cubs scamper over, while the She-bear herself yawns. Her mouth opens wider than you would have thought possible, and her teeth gleam in the sunlight. You feel certain that you are about to eaten whole!

Then, with a last slow yawn, she lazily lifts the lid from one eye. Her pupil narrows, and then grows large. She clears her throat, and suddenly, "My goodness!"

- *If you have been to Narnia before,* ***turn to 263.***
- *If you have never been to Narnia,* ***turn to 399.***

317

If you don't do something, you will surely drown!

- *If you grab the man's hand,* ***turn to 368.***
- *If you refuse it and keep swimming,* ***turn to 386.***

318

Before you have taken a step, a steely hand grabs you by the shoulder — the Hag has caught you! Although you struggle, she pushes a small vial under your nose, and you feel an overwhelming drowsiness. The last thing you hear is Trailhunter's barking. ***Turn to 225.***

319

Turning away from the Black Dwarf, you begin to talk with Latherpaw. To your surprise, the Raccoon still has her soup bowl. But instead of setting it on the table next to her salad, she is hiding it on her lap. Although curious, you are much too polite to ask why (your mother would be proud).

As you finish your salad, Mrs. Beaver brings you the main course: a delicately grilled fish, lightly basted with lemon juice and butter. Although you don't recognize the taste (it is pavender, which lives only in seas of Narnia), it is wonderful: there are no bones and the flaky, lemon-buttery fish dissolves in your mouth. Along with the pavender, there are green beans, piping-hot rolls with creamy butter, and fresh cheeses of every size and flavor — brought by the mice, of course. Finally, to wash it down are wines of all colors — yellow, white, red, and even purple. Although you don't expect to like it, the Narnian wine is delightful: not bitter at all. And the long-stemmed glasses make you feel awfully grown up.

Looking over at Latherpaw, you see the reason that she kept her soup bowl. Before each bite, the Raccoon looks carefully both ways to make sure that no one is looking. Then, quick as a wink, she dips a piece of fish or vegetable in the soup several times, before popping it in her mouth.

Latherpaw finishes her fish before she realizes that you have been watching her all the while. Her face turns a bright scarlet, and she sputters, "I hope I haven't offended your Majesty... You see, we Raccoons wash everything we eat, and, well, you see, it's a habit. I hope you aren't offended?"

You assure the Raccoon that, no, it is quite alright. She sighs in relief and listens eagerly to the tales of your journey with Trailhunter. "But I still can't figure out what I'm doing here," you conclude.

Latherpaw wipes her mouth daintily with her napkin. "Begging your Majesty's pardon, but I can make a few guesses there. You see, not everything is as rosy as Tumnus thinks. There've been strange creatures about, if you catch my meaning..."

You shake your head. "What do you mean, 'strange creatures?' "

The Raccoon continues. "I forgot that you just got here. Well, there was a Werewolf out in the Lantern Waste only last week. And I've heard that all the Wolves and Vultures have started to act nasty again — disappearing for long spells without telling anyone where they've gone. For that matter, even some of the Dwarfs have been acting peculiar."

Latherpaw looks over your shoulder to make sure that Ripkin isn't listening. "Especially the Black Dwarfs. Not only that, but there's been a man with only one eye asking questions down at the Fords of Beruna. He claims he's a bard from Archenland, but I don't believe it, not for one instant. And worst of all, I've a friend who says someone's been poking around the Haunted Castle — that's where the White Witch used to live." ***Turn to 261.***

320

As you struggle to the stern, Brinetooth holds out his right paw and pulls you up to the tiller. His whole body strains as he tries to keep the tiny dinghy from foundering in the waves. Once you have gotten a secure grip on the gunwale next to the Water Rat, Brinetooth yells in your ear, "I'm glad you made it. A bit rough there, was it?"

You try to answer, but your voice is swallowed up in the wind. You nod your head vigorously.

"Look, I'm not sure how long I can keep her safe from that." You follow the Water Rat's gaze to a large series of rocks jutting out of the water. "There's something about this storm that's just not fair game, if you catch my meaning. Something magical!"

Brinetooth steers the River Runner through a trough just as a huge wave breaks over the bow. You see Trailhunter, drenched, wedging himself between two of the dinghy's ribs amidship. Brinetooth goes on, as calmly as possible. "As I was saying, we'll likely be going under — the mast has had about all she can take, and once she breaks, kersplash!" The Water Rat tries to look cheerful, but his lips are trembling. "And down we'll go. Now I'm sure you'd be a fine swimmer in a lake, but this is something else. So if you fall overboard, don't do anything silly. Just grab some wood and hold on..."

Before Brinetooth says another word, you hear a sharp crack from above as the dinghy's mast snaps in two and falls into the churning ocean.

In an instant Brinetooth loses control of his beloved boat. Twisting in the wind, the River Runner slowly turns parallel to the waves. For a moment, she stays afloat; and then a huge wave breaks over the bow, swamping the dinghy. Almost immediately the boat is blown onto the rocks and breaks in two. Jarred by the crash, you and the Water Rat are thrown headlong into the rolling ocean. ***Turn to 180.***

321

You raise your glass. "I would like to toast this wonderful dinner. And Trailhunter for bringing me here safe and sound." All the Narnians cheer, and there is a loud clinking of glasses. ***Turn to 233.***

322

You look down at the floor. "You're right, Aslan didn't speak to me. In fact, Aslan hasn't told me anything. I don't know why I'm here."

Sallowpad looks happier. "Telling the truth is no shame, and neither is ignorance. But as King Edmund learned, trying to appear as something more than you truly are can have unforeseen consequences." ***Turn to 138.***

323

Trying to marshal your swirling thoughts, you blurt out, "Did Mr. Tumnus live? I was only trying to save him."

"Be at peace, child. Yes, he did live. While you fought the Werewolf, Mr. Tumnus was able to back away. After you fell, Trailhunter and several other Narnians subdued the beast. Your sacrifice was not in vain."

Something about the way Aslan says "sacrifice" frightens you. Just what was your "sacrifice"? ***Turn to 341.***

324

Even if Jeremy has been a prig, it isn't fair to let him suffer in the darkness. Putting the now completely dead electric torch in your pocket, you slowly stand and turn in the direction of the moans, moving your left hand along the wall to steady your steps. When you come to a small hole, you get down on hands and knees and crawl through, tearing your trousers.

Before long, you realize that it is almost impossible to tell where Jeremy is: the cave walls twist and turn, and noises echo over and over. Jeremy could be miles away or right at your feet. The darkness only makes matters worse — you are continuously bumping your head against the low ceiling or tripping over stalagmites.

After what seems like hours, but is actually only minutes, you see a tiny dot of light ahead. The surface! Perhaps you can get some adults to help find Jeremy. With renewed hope, you stumble forward. *Add 1 to your Inner Strength bonus.* ***Turn to 122.***

325

Brinetooth looks very pleased with your decision. "Fine then," he says, sticking his pipe still further into his mouth, "Let's get her underway."

The Rat saunters over to a small sailing dinghy tied up to the pier. The boat's name — River Runner — is stencilled on her bow. Brinetooth leaps in, and then holds the boat steady while you and Trailhunter clamber aboard.

"She's not a big girl, but with her keel pulled up I can get her down river. And once we reach the ocean, we drop keel and sail for the castle. Alright by you lubbers?"

You nod, and the Bloodhound barks his assent. Within minutes the boat is launched. The Rat guides the boat down the wide channel.

But something doesn't seem quite right. It's as if someone is watching your every movement — and someone who is none too friendly. Trailhunter is uneasy too. Although his eyes remain nearly closed, his nose is up, sniffing the wind that blows across the river.

"What's wrong?" you ask.

"I'm not sure. Harumph. Look at the sky: your eyes are better than mine." ***Pick a number*** *and add your Perception bonus:*

- *If 2-6,* ***turn to 206.***
- *If 7-12,* ***turn to 260.***

326

It soon becomes clear that the Cubs really don't know where Trailhunter can be found. Splashing into sun-dappled brooks, pushing through currant bushes glowing with red berries, and skipping across breezy meadows is lovely if one isn't lost. But the idea of wandering aimlessly for days takes some of the fun out of it! You wish, for perhaps the hundredth time this morning, that Hivefinder had been able to wake her sleeping husband. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Perception bonus:*

- *If 2-6,* ***turn to 270.***
- *If 7-12,* ***turn to 332.***

327

"Turn around," you whisper fiercely in Fleetfoot's ear. ***Pick a number:***

- *If 2-6,* ***turn to 125.***
- *If 7-12,* ***turn to 385.***

328

Reaching into your knapsack, you pull out the jacket and put it on. The Cubs are fascinated by your new coat, and nearly tear it to shreds while investigating. Feeling warmer, you follow your companions down the long path. ***Turn to 202.***

329

He is wearing a silky black robe and carries a long walking stick. Your gaze falls before his one, horribly red eye.

"What have we here?" the man sneers.

"I'm here to save Narnia," you say truthfully.

"Is that so?" The evil creatures are forming a threatening circle around you and Fleetfoot. "If I were you, child, I would be more concerned with saving myself."

You don't like this situation at all. One of the Dwarfs pulls out a long length of rope, while the others hold their shovels and picks menacingly.

The tall man signals to the Dwarfs, and then smiles slyly at you.

- *If you give up peacefully,* ***turn to 176.***
- *If you fight,* ***turn to 290.***

330

It is impossible to keep the villains at bay forever; besides, you have to sound the alarm! Leaping over the fallen Ripkin, you dive out the door into the hallway. Running out the front door of the building, you frantically shout "Alarm!" Castle guards come running, and a large group of Talking Animals pour out of the orchard with Trailhunter in the lead.

Ripkin's little band is in hot pursuit until they see Trailhunter. At once, they turn and flee for the castle gate where they are joined by another group of evil creatures that were hiding in the dark courtyard. You see several more Wolves and a tall, thin man with a walking staff. There is also a hairy creature that can only be a Werewolf! ***Turn to 141.***

331

Hanging on desperately, you wedge your feet between two ribs of the boat's hull. Then, walking crab-like along the bottom of the dinghy, you manage to get back to the stern of the boat. ***Turn to 320.***

332

Suddenly, you remember seeing a large clearing in the forest from the mountain path. It was bustling with a great many animals. You mention this to the Cubs, and in unison they shout, "The Meeting Meadow!" Before you can even ask what the Meeting Meadow is, they are scampering through the pines. Over his shoulder, Honeypaw yells, "Dad always meets Trailhunter there if he has something to tell him." ***Turn to 267.***

333

In a rush of words, you blurt out "But what happened in the battle, Aslan? Did the Narnians win?"

"Yes, child, the Narnians were triumphant. After you fell, Trailhunter was able to rally the army by shouting, "For the blood of Adam and Eve! The Talking Animals subdued the Werewolf before he could kill Mr. Tumnus. Your sacrifice was not in vain."

Something about the way Aslan says "sacrifice" frightens you. Just what was your "sacrifice"? ***Turn to 341.***

334

Whatever the Rat is saying, you don't dare let go of the gunwale. Squinting against the gale, you look over at Trailhunter to see how he is managing. Then there is a sharp crack from above your head as the mast snaps in two. Almost immediately Brinetooth loses control of his beloved boat. Twisting in the wind, the River Runner slowly turns parallel to the waves. For a moment she stays afloat; and then a huge wave breaks over the bow, swamping the dinghy. Salt spray and sea foam drench you to the skin. A moment later the ocean currents fling the boat onto a hidden cluster of rocks. The River Runner is about to go under! Not wanting to be trapped in a sinking boat, you leap overboard into the churning sea. ***Turn to 180.***

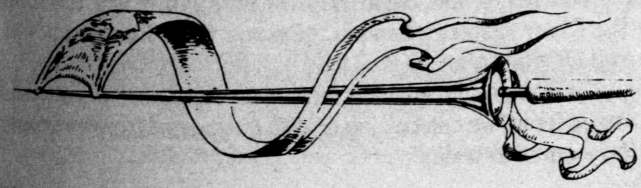
335

Although keenly disappointed, the Water Rat is willing to follow your wishes. Steering the River Runner around, Brinetooth quickly tacks back to the Fords of Beruna. At the pier, he ties up the dinghy while you and Trailhunter disembark. Following a hasty good-bye, the two of you start down the road to Cair Paravel. ***Turn to 217.***

336

"Trailhunter, how do you Animals know so much about humans? From the way everyone's acting, you'd think no one had ever seen a human before."

"Ah, that's a puzzle to you, isn't it? You see, we're Beasts, and Beasts don't forget. The reign of the High King was the Golden Age for us Talking Animals. Besides, the High King has only been missing for ten years. While most've given up on ever seeing him again, some of us are still hoping that he'll come back." ***Turn to 258.***



337

The Satyr looks concerned and a bit frightened that you might be choking. Quickly placing you on the ground, he pulls off the gag before Ripkin or the Hag can stop him.

The moment your mouth is free, you scream, "Alarm! Alarm! I'm being kidnapped!"

A guard on one of the battlements sounds his horn. Narnians come running from the walls, and a large group of Talking Animals pour out of the orchard with Trailhunter in the lead. Ripkin's band, seeing that they are outnumbered, run for the castle gates. ***Turn to 208.***

338

Careful to keep trees between you and the evil creatures, you stealthily slip down the hill, closer to the river. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Trickery bonus:*

- *If 2-5,* ***turn to 294.***
- *If 6-12,* ***turn to 365.***

339

Although the wind always seems to blow the wood just out of reach, you finally grab hold. Locking your arms around it, you catch your breath for a few seconds, then pull yourself on top of the flotsam. A large chunk of wood about the size of a table, it must have been part of the hull of the River Rider.

Moments later, you hear a low-pitched bark, followed by some splashing. You open your eyes to see a bedraggled mass of soggy fur that can only be Trailhunter. Paddling doggedly to your raft, the Bloodhound finally reaches you and scrambles aboard, sneezes, and then shakes himself. He barks loudly to be heard over the wind.

"I'm glad you didn't try to swim to the shore. I'm not sure you'd have made it."

You're glad too, but at the same time you're worried about the River Runner's captain. "Do you think Brinetooth's alright?" you shout.

"Harumph." The Bloodhound sneezes again. "If you and I made it out, we can be sure he did. He learned to swim before he learned to walk."

You look out over the waves, but see no sign of the Water Rat. Strangely, the storm begins to abate. First the wind stops howling so loudly, then the waves lose their foamy ridges. Finally, bit by bit, the sky clears, and before long the sun is shining as it did before the storm blew up. You and Trailhunter are dumbfounded.

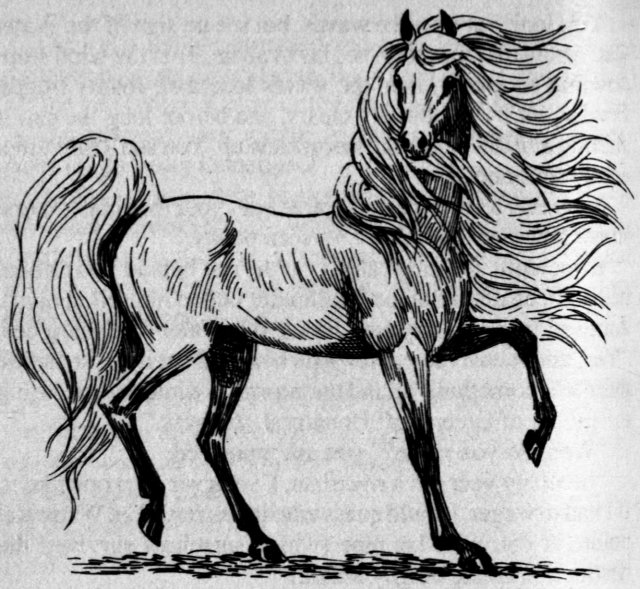
Suddenly a voice behind you echoes your thoughts "Worst storm I've ever seen, and I've seen plenty."

Brinetooth is sitting calmly on the raft behind you (where he had been almost since Trailhunter pulled himself aboard). Amused by your surprised looks, the Water Rat continues, "Yes, and it cost me my favorite boat. I'd bet my last paddle there was something behind that storm. A winter storm during the month of Greenroof! Unnatural, that was."

"What do you mean?" you ask, confused.

"In all my years as a riverman, I've never seen one like it. If I had to wager, I could guess who it was for." The Water Rat points at you with his pipe (which somehow survived the destruction of the dinghy intact.)

The storm has subsided completely, and the ocean is clear with gentle, rolling swells. By mutual assent, the three of you put your legs over the edge of the little raft and kick towards the shore. After a lengthy spell of paddling, the raft grates against the pebbly beach. ***Turn to 142.***



340

"I think I would like to wait for some warriors to return, especially after what happened last night."

Sallowpad nods. "Haste makes waste. Tell me if you change your mind."

Wondering how you should occupy your time, you leave Sallowpad's office and walk out into the courtyard where Fleetfoot is standing. You greet him, but don't stay to talk. As Sallowpad warned, the young Colt is rather simple, even for a horse.

Bored, you climb atop the battlement to spot Trailhunter's return. But to your disappointment, the roads leading up to Cair Paravel remain empty. You sit down between two merlons on the wall to wait.

At lunchtime, a young She-beaver brings a ham and cheese sandwich (made on imported Archenlander rye bread) and a glass of lemonade, but you eat with disinterest, so intent are you on watching the road. Will the warriors ever return?

As the sun crosses the sky, you begin to worry that you made a mistake by waiting. You would hate to fail Narnia by just staying safe in Cair Paravel. At last, you leave the wall and return to Sallowpad's office.

The moment he sees you, the Raven croaks, "I have more bad news, your majesty. A renegade Talking Bear has been seen near the Archenland border. I fear that none of the warriors will be returning this evening. Also, Redbreast the Robin says that the Fords of Beruna are strangely quiet. Brinetooth is waiting there to tell you what he saw."

You tell Sallowpad that you will go without an escort. He nods his head. "Heartbroken is he who had a chance and did not take it. Be careful."

You wave good-bye and run outside to Fleetfoot, who has been patiently waiting all day.

"Now, your Majesty? Can we go now?"

You answer by climbing aboard the horse. Although you have ridden once before during a family vacation, riding bareback is another thing altogether.

"Where to, your Majesty?"

"To the Fords of Beruna. We have to talk to Brinetooth!"

Without another word, the Pony trots briskly down the road. The two of you travel swiftly, and Fleetfoot tells you the story of how his mother, Mwinhirraha, carried a human child all the way from the Western Steppes of the southern desert to the crystal lakes of Fanrilor(wherever that is). Almost before you've really gotten used to riding, Fleetfoot turns his head.

"Well, here we are, your Majesty."

You are flabbergasted — the distance that took you and Trailhunter a full day to travel took Fleetfoot scarcely an hour! The Fords are a disaster: most of the small ferries and boats have been sunk, and the once-sturdy pier is a shambles. Even the ground itself has been rent and torn. A dozen Water Rats and other river-folk are rigging up line and tackle to salvage what they can of their shattered crafts.

Brinetooth looks up at your arrival, and immediately leaves the salvage team to help you dismount. ***Turn to 184.***

341

"Aslan," you say, your voice beginning to shake a little. "Just what did I sacrifice? I mean, the last thing I remember is the Werewolf raising his paw. Am I...dead?" The word 'dead' seems to catch in your throat.

"Child," replies Aslan slowly, "you are not dead. To many of the Narnians, it doubtless appeared that you died. But I did not bring you to Narnia for that; I brought you there to help Narnia and to help yourself." Aslan smiles, and the last doubts and misgivings leave your heart. "So worry no longer. You are as healthy, indeed, healthier, than when you arrived here. And when you return to your world, you will be even as you left it."

- *If you turned the Witch to stone,* ***turn to 343.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 161.***

342

Suddenly you hear the night watchman call, "Twelve o'clock — Midnight — and all is well." Thank goodness he was loud enough. You rub your bleary eyes, then stand and stretch, thankful for the rest you did get. You carefully put the book back on the bookshelf, get dressed (you'd hardly want to go to the meeting in your nightclothes), and blow out the candle. ***Turn to 276.***

343

"But in spite of your bravery, you have not completely ignored the call of evil. In the midst of battle, you turned the Witch into a statue. This was a cruel act, and will haunt Narnia in the future."

"But Aslan," you interrupt, "I had to use the wand. The Witch was about to take it back..."

"Child," says Aslan, and you see the fur beginning to stand up on the back of his neck, "did you *have* to?"

- *If you insist that it was necessary,* ***turn to 382.***
- *If you admit that there may have been another way,* ***turn to 351.***

344

Good thing you brought the rope! Tying one end to a rib of the boat, you move carefully to the stern. Although you slip on the water-soaked wood, the rope keeps you from falling overboard. Soon you reach the Water Rat. ***Turn to 320.***

345

With a stout stick in hand, you stealthily creep up behind her, intending to bash her over the head. As you strike downward with the stick, she whirls around to face you. She knew you were there all along! *Subtract 1 from your Inner Strength bonus.* ***Turn to 199.***

346

Turning away from Jeremy's cries, you step in the other direction. You inch forward in the darkness, searching for smooth footing. Is this the proper way to the surface? When you come to a small hole, you get down on hands and knees and crawl through, tearing your trousers.

Before long, you realize that it is almost impossible to tell where you are: the cave twists and turns like the mythical labyrinth you studied in ancient Greek history. The darkness only makes matters worse — you are continuously bumping your head against the low ceiling or tripping over stalagmites. The only consolation is knowing that Jeremy is lost just as badly as you are.

After what seems like hours, but is actually only minutes, you see a tiny dot of light ahead. The surface! At long last you'll be free of the darkness! And who knows? Maybe you'll even get Mr. Trevisian and your parents to come find Jeremy. *Subtract 1 from your Inner Strength bonus.* ***Turn to 122.***

347

"But Aslan," you say. "What will happen to Narnia?" Aslan looks you in the eye, and you are forced to look away.

"Child, your deeds have caused Narnia harm, and many will suffer because of you. Do not ask of the fate of Narnia, for that is another story. Think instead about your own story, and how it will end." ***Turn to 161.***

348

You hear a sharp crack from above your head as the mast snaps in two. Almost immediately Brinetooth loses control of his beloved boat. Twisting in the wind, the River Runner slowly turns parallel to the waves. For a moment she stays afloat; and then a huge wave breaks over the bow, swamping the dinghy. Almost immediately the winds force the boat onto a rock, and the River Runner breaks in two. Jarred by the crash, you are thrown headlong into the roiling ocean. ***Turn to 180.***

349

Although you know that it will disappoint the Narnians, the only right thing to do is tell the truth. "I don't really know why I'm here. I'm not even certain that Aslan sent me. I'm sorry."

Sallowpad looks up. "Never regret the truth or who you are. As King Edmund once learned, to appear as something more than you are can have unforeseen consequences." *Add 1 to your Inner Strength bonus.* ***Turn to 138.***

350

"Ripkin, what should we do? If anything happens to the child..."

As if on cue, you scream, "Help! I'm burning!"

"By the Witch! Come on!" The door opens wide, and both Dwarfs run into the smoky room. They stare aghast at the raging fire, and don't see you crouched near the floor.

This is the perfect moment. Rising so suddenly that they cannot react, you push both Dwarfs aside and dive out the door into the main room. You think you can beat them outside, but perhaps these jailors deserve to be taught a lesson?

- *If you flee,* ***turn to 121.***
- *If you stay and fight them,* ***turn to 226.***

351

You suddenly feel remorse for what you have done. For the rest of eternity, the Witch will be only dust: unable to move, see, or hear. "No, Aslan, there probably was another way — a better way — to stop her. It just happened so fast."

"Yes, child, difficult decisions must often be made quickly. Yet, even then, always be sure to do what is right. No truly good thing can come from an evil deed: its goodness will always be stained by the darkness. You will have to live with the knowledge of what you have done for the rest of your life."

"But what will happen to the Witch?"

"That is someone else's story," says Aslan gently. "And it is time for you to return home. Someone there is waiting for you." ***Turn to 347.***

352

"Turning creatures to stone can't be right!" you mutter. But wand or no wand, Tumnus is in trouble. He was never much of a fighter, and is now trying to fend off the Werewolf with his cane! There must be something you can do to save the stout Faun! ***Turn to 250.***

353

Hopefully the crier will to wake you up. Besides, it'd be no use trying to stay up — you can barely keep your eyes open now; you'd only fall asleep. Yawning, you climb into bed and pull up the silky sheets. You are asleep before your head hits the pillow. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Perception bonus:*

- *If 2-5,* ***turn to 361.***
- *If 6-12,* ***turn to 403.***

354

Your stomach rumbles again, but you have nothing to eat. The two Cubs are about to give up and take you back to their cave home when Honeypaw suddenly slaps himself on the forehead. "The Meeting Meadow!" he shouts. "That's where Dad always goes to meet Trailhunter. I'm sure we can find him there." The three of you race off to the Meadow, glad the search is almost over. *Subtract 1 from your Action and Fighting Bonuses until you eat a meal.* ***Turn to 267.***

355

As the Werewolf jumps, you leap aside, bringing your blade down upon the creature's head.

Your foe hisses, saliva dripping from its gaping mouth. Again it leaps, and again you clout it over the head. The beast staggers under your blow, and hope fills your heart. Suddenly, loyal Trailhunter dashes to your side, fangs bared.

"Let's get him together, your Majesty."

You glance at Trailhunter gratefully and rush the reeling Werewolf. Unwilling to face you both, the beast turns to run, disappearing into the forest with its tail between its legs.

Your stunning victory puts heart into the nearby Narnians, and many of them shout, "For the blood of Adam and Eve!" The battlecry frightens the remaining evil foes, and they break for the woods (like the Werewolf) with the Narnians in close pursuit. Though exhausted, you join the chase and the evil army is routed. Many hours later, you return wearily (but happily) to Cair Paravel.

There, you see a large (indeed, immense) Lion moving among the Witch's statues on the battlefield. Pausing before a Panther, the Lion breathes on it. A few seconds later, color begins to return to the statue like paint on a canvas. A moment after that, the panther lashes its tail. The statues are being returned to life!

Aslan (for Aslan it is) looks down at you, and the rigors of the battle fade from your limbs. You want to bury your face in his thick mane or frolic in the grass with him. ***Turn to 360.***

356

Without further questions, the Bloodhound shows you to your room. The Great Hall is built into the southern wall of the castle, and your room has a window looking out over the sea. After Trailhunter leaves, you take a moment to gaze out at the moonlit water. It is easy to imagine that the sea stretches away forever, and the moon paints it with a silvery glow. Compared to the view, the rest of the room seems very ordinary; there is a large, cushiony bed, two chairs, and a low desk to write at. The stone floor, which would be cold in the winter, is covered with a thick red carpet.

You change into nightclothes made of fine, homespun Narnian linen and sit down on your bed. What a dilemma! You have two meetings to attend at midnight! Not only that, but you are bitterly tired — your legs feel as if they will never move again. Maybe you shouldn't go to either meeting; sleep is important, after all. The castle crier calls out, "Nine o'clock, and all is well." Maybe a little nap is in order; the crier would almost certainly wake you. Or you could try to just stay awake; the crier might not be loud enough to wake you after all!

- *If you try to stay awake,* ***turn to 381.***
- *If you trust the crier to wake you up,* ***turn to 353.***
- *If you skip both meetings and sleep,* ***turn to 307.***

357

Plunging suddenly below the surface, you swim underwater for many strokes. Your lungs feel as though they'll burst, but you come up for air only when a piece of flotsam bobs between you and the rowboat. Gasping, you tread water while catching your breath. When a peep over the drifting log shows your pursuers rowing towards the horizon, you start for shore.

Halfway there, you grab a large piece of wood (that was once part of the River Runner) and use it as a float. After what seems forever, you feel the sand beneath your feet. You try to stand, but collapse, gasping for air. You have made it!

The storm has cleared, and now the gentle swells wash a large plank onto the beach. Two bedraggled creatures cling to the wood: Trailhunter and Brinetooth! Somehow they too found a piece of the dinghy's hull to use as a makeshift raft.

Both Narnians come running up to you (you're too pooped to run toward anything). Trailhunter bowls you over in his enthusiasm, "Thought we'd lost you there, your Majesty."

Brinetooth looks even happier. The Water Rat taps you in the chest with his pipe (which somehow survived the destruction of the dinghy intact). "You're quite a swimmer!" Excitedly you tell of the thin man in the boat. Brinetooth only mutters, "I knew that the wind looked unnatural," but Trailhunter is even more concerned.

"That clinches it — there's someone looking for you, your Majesty. This is more dangerous than I thought." ***Turn to 142.***

358

As silently as possible, you dismount Fleetfoot; the pony waits patiently while you enter the thicket.

The trees are so dense it is impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. This makes moving difficult, but does provide excellent cover. Someone, or something, is talking in the clearing up ahead, and the light from the lamp-post flickers through the trees. You slide to the ground and slither like a snake. The ground smells strangely like moth-balls, but this is hardly the time to wonder about that. Pushing back a fern, you stare into the clearing.

There you see the tall, thin man. He is standing next to the lamp-post and in his hands are the broken pieces of the golden rod that the Dwarfs dug up at the Fords of Beruna. A pack of huge wolves and a muscular satyr stalk around him. Several crows and vultures sit in the lower tree branches. All of these creatures are clearly on the look-out for anyone watching — anyone like you!

To stay here is risky, but if you back away, you won't be able to see what the tall man is doing.

- *If you back away,* ***turn to 150.***
- *If you stay where you are,* ***turn to 244.***

359

Plunging suddenly below the surface, you swim underwater for several strokes. But when you come up for air, the tall, thin man spots you readily. You are unable to lose your pursuers. And just when you think you might be nearing the beach, your leg cramp returns. You stop swimming and tread water, desperately massaging your muscles. A powerful hand lifts you out of the waves. The one-eyed man has caught you! Before you can blink, he tosses you into the bottom of the rowboat like a sack of flour.

As soon as you land, one Dwarf grabs your hands and ties them tightly behind your back. The other wraps a blindfold tightly around your head, and then ties your feet together. Finally, you feel a wet rag shoved under your nose. Before you can even think to hold your breath, you fall into a deep, dreamless sleep. ***Turn to 225.***

360

Aslan smiles joyously and puts his tongue to your forehead. "You have done well, child," he says, in a deep, resonant voice.

- *If you turned the Witch into a statue,* ***turn to 363.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 192.***

361

After what seems only a moment, you hear someone, or something, knocking on your bedroom door. You must have overslept and missed both meetings! You jump to your feet, throw on your clothes, and then open the door.

It's Ripkin. "I thought I told you, child, that we had a meeting. It's many minutes after midnight, and you've made me look the pretty fool. Let's go."

- *If you go with the Dwarf,* ***turn to 124.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 252.***

362

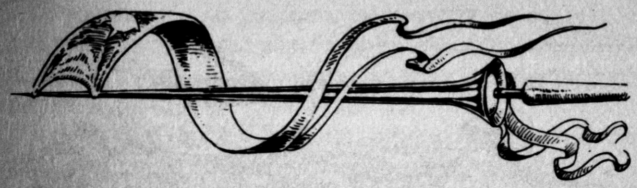
Perched atop the Satyr's shoulders, you are carried through the courtyard. Ripkin's band must intend to take you out of the castle altogether. And whatever their plan, it can't be nice.

As you near the gate, escape suddenly seems possible. After all, there are guards on the castle walls, and you know the Talking Animals are having a meeting in the orchard. One loud scream, and the Narnians would come running to the rescue. But how can you scream with the gag stuffed in your mouth?

You can think of only two ways to get rid of the gag. You could try to trick the Satyr into taking it out by pretending to choke on it; it seems pretty obvious that Ripkin wants to kidnap you, not kill you. Or you could try to work the gag loose. The Satyr is wearing a heavy metal cap, and perhaps you could catch the gag on the metal rim.

Either way, you'll have to move fast — the Satyr is only a few steps from the gate!

- *If you try to trick the Satyr into removing the gag,* ***turn to 170.***
- *If you try to work the gag out yourself,* ***turn to 120.***
- *If you don't try to escape,* ***turn to 144.***



363

"Yet you have not completely ignored the call of evil. While in the battle, you turned the Witch to dust: a cruel act that will haunt Narnia for years to come."

"But Aslan," you interrupt, "I had to use the wand! The Witch was about to grab it back..."

"Child," says Aslan, and you see the fur beginning to stand up on the back of his neck, "did you *have* to?"

- *If you still think it was necessary,* ***turn to 390.***
- *If you admit that there might have been another way,* ***turn to 378.***

364

The horse whinnies joyfully — it's Fleetfoot! The Colt trots over, and you stroke his mane.

"Your Majesty! I've been waiting for you."

"But Fleetfoot, I thought you would go back to Cair Paravel!"

"No, I just followed the Dwarfs here after they captured you. I figured that you would need me once you escaped."

You are flabbergasted. Fleetfoot never went for help at all — if you hadn't escaped, who knows what would have happened to you?"

Mounting the Horse, you tell him what the Dwarfs said. It seems clear that something awful is about to happen to Narnia, and if you wait until help arrives it will be too late. The only way to stop what's happening is to catch the Warlock at either the Lantern or the Haunted Castle. But which one? And what to do once you arrive? You wish Trailhunter were here to help, but it is entirely up to you.

- *If you decide to go to Lantern Waste,* ***turn to 219.***
- *If you go to the Haunted Castle,* ***turn to 229.***

365

Moving silently, you get closer and closer to the villains. At the last, you slither along the ground like a snake. Thank the Lion that your mail armor is snug-fitting and makes only a little noise!

Holding your breath, you pull back a final branch and survey the Fords. The tall, thin man is standing only twenty paces away, and you can hear and see him clearly. He is wearing a black, silky robe and glares at the ground through only one, horrible, red eye. In his hands rests the Y-shaped rod, and he uses it to decide where the Dwarfs should dig. "Try here," he commands, pointing, and a pair of Dwarfs run up to obey him.

Suddenly one of the Dwarfs shouts, "What's this?" Climbing out of a hole, he holds up two parts of a broken golden rod. It's hard to tell at this distance what the rod was used for — it's gleaming golden metal has been dimmed by its long burial under the earth.

The tall man pats the Dwarf on the back. "Grackle, you have found it! She will reward you mightily when she returns." The man takes the two halves of the rod, conceals them in his robes, and then addresses the Dwarfs who collect their mining equipment. "We have found one part of the puzzle. Now, to the Lantern for the flame, and then the Haunted Castle for her copper bottle!"

The party scatters. The Dwarfs march north up the river valley, while the man and the Wolves start down the road away from Cair Paravel. Dusting yourself off, you slowly rise to your feet, legs aching and stiff.

To your surprise, as you leave the trees, something moves from under the shattered pier. A soggy ball of fur hauls itself out from the water and onto the bank — it's Brinetooth! You run across the clearing to the Water Rat.

Brinetooth is happy to see you, and you tell him what you heard. But certain questions remain to be answered.

"Brinetooth," you ask, "what happened before I got here?"

"Well, your Majesty, it was quite the scene, that it was. 'Round about daybreak we heard a crashing and screeching in the woods by the ford. A moment later, a pack of the biggest Wolves you've ever seen came howling out right at the boats.

"Well, as you can imagine, most of the river-folk took off quick as a wink. But me, I was working my ferry, and by the time I got to land, it was too late to escape. So I dove beneath the pier, hoping the beasts wouldn't see me.

It was then, after everyone else had run, that things began to get downright strange. The Wolves went after my river-folk, chasing them down the road or deep into the woods. Then, the thin man walked out of the woods with a dozen Dwarfs. They started looking for something in the ground."

Brinetooth's words answer some questions, but you wish you knew more. You think hard as you return to Fleetfoot. The tall man was obviously the man you glimpsed at Cair Paravel in the darkness last night. But why did he need the broken golden rod? Why was it buried here at Beruna? And who could 'she' be? You suppose the only way to find out is to go to one of the two places the man mentioned. You wish that Trailhunter were here to help you make your decision, but it is all up to you.

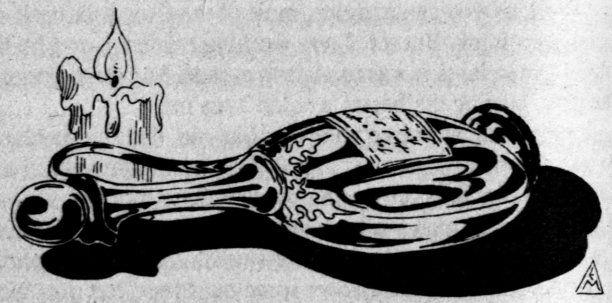
- *If you go to the Lantern,* ***turn to 219.***
- *If you go to the Haunted Castle,* ***turn to 229.***

366

Trailhunter and Brinetooth are still in the water! Fighting to stay awake, you open your eyes again.

To your surprise, everything is not as it should be! Grackle kneels behind you, ready to shackle your wrists to the boat. And the tall man has opened your knapsack; his strong hands are rifling through your possessions. So that's it — you're being kidnapped!

With a start, you jump to your feet, grab the knapsack from the man's hands, and leap overboard! You will have to swim for shore. ***Turn to 386.***



367

The cave is very dark, with only a little light shining through from the entrance. Jeremy is nowhere to be seen, and you turn on your electric torch while your eyes adjust to the darkness. Compared to your dreams last night, the cave seems rather drab: the walls are grayish limestone and damp with condensation. Still, the fact that you are underground is excitement enough, and who knows what mysteries lie deeper within? You call Jeremy's name but there is no answer — he must have started exploring by himself.

Shrugging your shoulders, you walk through the entry chamber, marking the walls carefully with chalk to avoid getting lost. The rock narrows into a gently sloping tunnel as you continue forward, careful not to slip on the slick floor. It ends in an intersection where a tiny hole leads into a new chamber. Although there aren't any buried treasures or criminal hide-outs, there are more than enough wonders to amaze you.

Multicolored stalactites hang from the ceiling and short, squat stalagmites poke up from the floor. A small underground stream flows downhill into a waterfall at the edge of a precipice. You drop a rock over the edge and count to three before it hits bottom. Eager to see more, you press onward. Deeper still is an underground lake that stretches away as far as the eye can see.

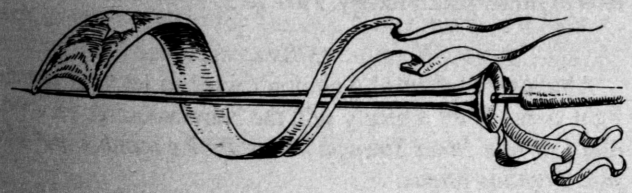
While you stand on the beach skipping stones across the water, the electric torch begins to grow dim. You turn to retrace your steps, using the fading light to trace the chalk markings on the walls. But before you have gone a fraction of the distance to the surface, the light fails all together, and you are in total, pitch darkness. (I hope you know what I mean when I say "pitch dark." It truly is as dark as pitch: you cannot see your clothes or even your hands; only darkness, in front, beside, and behind you.)

After sitting and shivering with the horror of it all for a bit, you hear a wail, or maybe it's more of a moan. It must be Jeremy, but it is unlike the Jeremy that you know. This Jeremy sounds forlorn and miserable, not aloof and overbearing.

So Jeremy is lost too! It shouldn't be a surprise; there wasn't any string in the entry chamber. He must have been in such a hurry that he forgot to unwind it.

You start to inch toward the moans, but suddenly stop. Maybe you shouldn't go looking for Jeremy — you've got enough problems of your own. It certainly serves him right to get lost, considering that he abandoned you. And besides, he's been cruel ever since you arrived on the farm. Another piteous moan comes from somewhere ahead.

- *If you try to find and help Jeremy,* ***turn to 324.***
- *If you think it serves him right,* ***turn to 346.***



368

You hardly have much choice: in a storm, any port will do. Reaching up, you grab the man's bony hand. He proves surprisingly strong for someone so thin and pulls you into the rowboat with little trouble.

Once you are aboard, the man's demeanor changes. Pointing to the Dwarfs at the oars (for Dwarfs they must be), he shouts, "Home, Grackle and Nackle. And hurry!"

"But what about my friends?" you ask.

The tall man looks down at you: his one eye staring like a cat at a bird. A talisman the shape of a snowflake hangs around his neck. Thinking that he didn't hear you, you tug at his robes and repeat your question.

The Dwarfs' efforts at the oars are bringing the rowboat rapidly nearer land; the storm which wrecked the River Runner seems to be dying. Your rescuer continues to stare silently. "Your friends, yes. We shall come back for them. Later." For some reason, all you want to do is go to sleep. Your eyelids droop shut.

- *If your Inner Strength bonus is 2 or less,* ***turn to 193.***
- *If your Inner Strength bonus is greater than 2,* ***turn to 366.***

369

Although the Hag is fast (faster than anyone so frail-looking has a right to be), you land a glancing blow to her chin, and then poke her in the eyes. With a terrible high-pitched shriek, she drops her staff and runs into the woods, blinded.

Trailhunter, panting, looks impressed. "That was lucky, your Majesty. Come on, let's get to Cair Paravel before anything worse happens." The two of you hurry away, anxious to finish your journey. ***Turn to 377.***

370

Although frightened, you don't want to let your friends fight alone. With a hearty yell, the Narnians surge forward. *Add 1 to your Inner Strength bonus.* ***Pick a number*** *and add your Fighting bonus:*

- *If 2-5,* ***turn to 236.***
- *If 6-12,* ***turn to 253.***

371

The Witch's words make sense. Besides, it would be fun to be a ruler. And after she dies, you can have all of Narnia for your own. Some of the Talking Animals rush to stop you, but is too late — your mind is made up. You extend your hand to the cowering Witch and hand her back the wand. Abruptly, the Witch's smile disappears, and her voice turns to ice.

"Fool", she cries, "you have sealed your doom! I shall rule Narnia myself, and for myself alone." She points the wand, and you feel very cold. Your vision blurs, and you are unable to move. You have been turned to stone! ***Turn to 218.***

372

You know that you have to stop the Witch, but using the wand would only make matters worse. Taking it firmly in both hands, you put the artifact to your knee. Then, bending it, you snap the wicked thing in two. The two halves fall to the ground, turning instantly into dust.

The Witch's face grows deathly white, and she screams — a single high-pitched note that echoes about the battlefield. All combatants, both Narnians and minions of the Witch, stop fighting and stare at her. Even as they look, what little color was left in her form seems to fade away. It is as if the Witch were made of paint, and the paint becomes thinner and thinner until finally there is no color left at all. You can see the castle of Cair Paravel through her. Then, with a final terrible shriek that chills your heart, she disappears all together. The Witch is gone!

Giving a hearty cry, the Narnians assault the Witch's army with renewed fervor. Without their Queen to lead them, the evil creatures cannot withstand the Narnians. The battle is all but won when you see a Werewolf tear through the Narnian lines, running straight for Tumnus. Never much of a fighter, the stout Faun raises his cane against the Werewolf's claws. ***Turn to 250.***

373

You shiver uneasily, not quite sure what is wrong. "Aslan sent me to protect Narnia from great danger," you say, gesturing pointedly with the wand.

The Witch smiles sweetly. "But child, don't you see that Aslan would want you to become the ruler of Narnia? Are you not a child of Adam and Eve? Is this not a land over which a human should rule? Either you, or me, or both?

"Besides, think how much better you could protect Narnia as ruler. If you were sent here to protect Narnia, surely the best way to do that is to become its master. Come now, do what Aslan and the Narnians would want you to do." ***Pick a number and add your Inner Strength bonus:***

- ***If 2-4, turn to 371.***
- ***If 5-12, turn to 299.***

374

Together, you walk over to the old woman, who seems to be lost in thought. You tap her on the shoulder, and she slowly turns around. Her face is pinched and wrinkled, and her nose and chin stick out like a nutcracker. She breaks into a toothless smile. ***Turn to 220.***

375

"But Aslan," you ask, "have I ruined everything?"

"Child, Narnia's fate is another's story. But console yourself: every dream save one has an ending, even nightmares. Now return to your own world, and make amends for the mistakes you have made here." ***Turn to 161.***

376

"I think I had best go to the Fords of Beruna immediately. If Aslan wants my help, I don't want to miss my chance!"

Sallowpad nods. "An opportunity ignored is an opportunity lost. Be careful." ***Turn to 188.***

377

After such a close call, both you and Trailhunter keep careful watch along both sides of the road for trouble. But the rest of your journey is uneventful; indeed, the road is deserted. ***Turn to 248.***

378

You suddenly feel remorse for what you have done. For the rest of eternity, the Witch will be only dust: unable to move, see, or hear. "No Aslan, there probably was another way — a better way — to stop her. It was just happening so fast."

"Yes, child, difficult decisions must often be made quickly. Yet, even when you must make a hurried decision, always be sure to do what is right. No truly good thing can come from an evil deed: its goodness will always be stained by darkness."

You look at your feet, unable to meet Aslan's steady gaze. "Have I ruined everything?" you ask, tears beginning to fill your eyes.

"On the contrary," says Aslan, his voice softening noticeably. "During your stay in Narnia you have done much good, and resisted many temptations. Indeed, you have saved Narnia from a great danger, and have done much better than many would have in your place." ***Turn to 192.***

379

Letting go with one hand, you reach for a grip further astern.

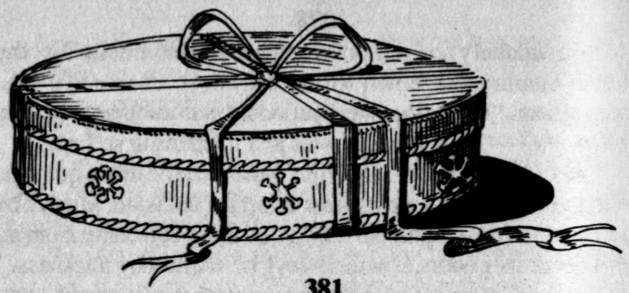
- ***If you have a rope, turn to 344.***
- ***If not, pick a number and add your Action bonus:***
  - ***If 2-10, turn to 207.***
  - ***If 11-12, turn to 164.***

380

Bringing the chair down hard on the Hag's outstretched hand, you take a step backward toward the stairs. Several shapes surge out of the darkness, including the Satyr and three more Wolves. Perhaps most disturbing, the furry hand again reaches for your shoulder.

Spinning around, you gasp. It's the hand of a Werewolf! Swinging what's left of the chair at the creature, you duck under its claw and make it to the stairs.

- ***If you stay and fight, turn to 301.***
- ***If you flee, turn to 262.***



381

If you fall asleep, the crier will never wake you up. Fortified by your resolve, you go to the end of the hall to the rain bucket and splash the cold water all over your face. Back in the room, you light the desk candle and pull a book from the bookshelf — *The Life and Times of King Frank and Queen Helen.* To your surprise, it isn't a stuffy biography like the ones in school: this book has magic, jousting, dragons, and true love. It's almost as good as your favorite adventure book. ***Pick a number** and add your Inner Strength bonus:*

- *If 2-6,* ***turn to 196.***
- *If 7-12,* ***turn to 159.***

382

"But Aslan," you protest, "there was no other way for me to stop her! I had to turn her into stone. And besides, there is no one who would deserve it more than her..."

A growl rises in Aslan's throat. "Child," says the Lion, his voice a near roar, "That is not for you to judge! What you did was evil, and still you remain unrepentant. Do you not see that nothing truly good can come from an evil act? Its goodness will always be stained by the underlying darkness. So, too, your victory is stained by the way in which you won it. Child, you do not know what you have done."

Chastened by these words, you shrink back toward the cliff. Before you fall, the Lion scoops you up in his immense paws.

"Child, it is time for you to return home: someone is waiting for you. Try to remember what I have told you. Take the lessons you have learned to heart."

- *If you ask Aslan what will happen to Narnia,* ***turn to 347.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 161.***

383

"You win. I give up." You stand, and the Dwarf gleefully ties your hands tightly behind your back.

"You won't get away from us, this time." Ripkin pushes you out the door and forces you down the long staircase.

When you reach the hall below, your eyes grow wide. There are dozens upon dozens of evil creatures in the room: leering Gargoyles, ephemeral Wraiths, drooling Wolves, and many others too horrible to name. Ripkin pushes you through the crowd. At the very back, seated on the iron throne is the tall, thin man — the Warlock. ***Turn to 169.***

384

Before you are half-way across the room, Grackle reaches the outside door and slams it shut. There is no choice but to fight! ***Turn to 226.***

385

Frantically, the Pony wheels as you cling tightly to his mane. Fleetfoot is able to gallop back around the first bend before your foes know you are there!

"That was close," you mutter, "I think I'd better try sneaking up alone." ***Turn to 405.***

386

Anxious to reach the beach, you swim as hard as you can away from the rowboat and its passengers. A glance backward shows that they are following you! Suddenly you discover that although you were swimming as hard as you *thought* you could, you can truly go faster! Kicking frantically, you speed up to escape your pursuers. Perhaps a dive below the waves will shake them from your trail. ***Pick a number** and add your Trickery bonus:*

- *If 2-9,* ***turn to 359.***
- *If 10-12,* ***turn to 357.***

387

"Uh, er, no, I don't," you lie. *Subtract 1 from your Inner Strength bonus.* ***Turn to 264.***

388

Knowing that you have no choice, you breaststroke until your legs are numb. Then, flipping over to your back, you backstroke using only your arms until they too are exhausted. Finally you roll back onto your stomach and look again at the shore (because you can't see where you're going while doing the backstroke). To your surprise, you have almost made it! Commanding your exhausted legs to kick, you struggle the final hundred yards to the beach. At last you feel the sand beneath your feet. You try to stand, but collapse, gasping for air. You did it!

When your breathing slows, you sit up and look back at the ocean. The storm has mostly cleared, and the now gentle swells wash a large piece of flotsam in to the beach. Two bedraggled creatures cling to the side: Trailhunter and Brinetooth! Somehow they were able to grab a piece of the dinghy's hull.

As soon as the makeshift raft hits the beach, both Narnians come running toward you (you're too pooped to run toward anything). Trailhunter almost bowls you over in his enthusiasm and licks your face happily. "Thought we'd lost you there, your Majesty."

Brinetooth looks even happier. "I was trying to tell you to grab some wood — I thought the surf was too high to swim." The Water Rat taps you in the chest with his pipe (which somehow survived the destruction of the dinghy intact). "You're quite a swimmer, young one!" ***Turn to 142.***

389

Although you're by no means sure that going by sea is a good idea, it has to be better than this spooky trail. Retracing your steps, you soon arrive back at the Fords of Beruna. To your surprise, the Water Rats seem to be closing down their ferries. Even Brinetooth's boat is tied up and the sail reefed.

"Brinetooth," asks Trailhunter, "what happened? Why are all the River Rats shutting down their boats?"

"Well..." Brinetooth looks over the tree tops with a measured eye, his long hairless tail swishing back and forth. "From the looks of it, there's a storm brewing, and none too far off, by my guess. Why, changed your minds, have you?"

You nod. After you tell the Water Rat what happened on the road, Brinetooth looks even more troubled.

"Well, I guess we should get underway as fast as we can. The old Runner's a tough girl — she can last out any storm that'd hit us this late in the Spring. Let's be off." The Rat leads you to where his sailing dinghy is tied to a pier on the river front. From his loving manner, it is easy to tell that this is Brinetooth's favorite boat. The boat's name, "River Runner," is stenciled on the bow. You scramble aboard, and minutes later the Rat is steering down the river with you and Trailhunter looking over the gunwhale. ***Turn to 310.***

390

"But Aslan," you protest, "there was no other way for me to stop her. I had to turn her into stone. And besides, there is no one who would deserve it more than her..."

You are stopped by a growl that rises in Aslan's throat. The Talking Animals surrounding you take a careful step back. "Child," says the Lion, in a voice very near a roar. "That is not for you to judge! You were wrong to turn the Witch into stone, and still you remain unrepentant! Do you not see that nothing truly good can come from an evil act? The goodness will always be stained by the underlying evil. So, too, your victory is stained by the way in which you won it. Child, you do not know what you have done."

Aslan's voice softens, if only a little, "Child, you must return home; Narnia no longer has need of you. And someone is waiting for you. Remember what I have said. Take these lessons to heart."

- *If you ask Aslan what will happen to Narnia,* ***turn to 347.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 161.***

391

Without a sideways glance, you walk past the old woman. She pays no heed to you, but Trailhunter bristles. Some time later, a look over your shoulder shows her far behind. You sigh with relief and peek backward once more. And the crone stands a few steps away, grinning! What happened? Goose-bumps race up and down your arms as she calls out, "Young one, come back here and help a poor old lady..." If you want to get away, you are going to have to run!

- *If you keep walking,* ***turn to 232.***
- *If you run,* ***turn to 230.***

392

Though the adult bears might not have noticed you, it seems unwise to take the chance. You run toward the cave entrance. But many steps before you can get safely outside, the She-bear lashes out with her paw and pins you to the cave floor! ***Turn to 316.***

393

After some time (although it was not all that long, really) the meal is ready. The long wooden tables in the orchard are covered with snowy linen, and candles and lanterns provide a gentle light under the eaves of the apple trees. The moon shines down through the leaves to give the orchard a soft, dreamy look. You are placed in a seat of honor at the head table. With you sit Tumnus, Latherpaw, Trailhunter, Terrus, Sallowpad, and all the other Narnians that have become your friends. They treat you with great respect, and seem honored to be near you.

And what a feast it is! There are bowls of fresh fruit: crisp, juicy apples, watermelon slices as sweet as sugar, grapes that seem to burst the moment you put them in your mouth. There are trays of newly roasted chestnuts(still warm from the fire), platters of crystallized honey, and saucers of lemon sorbet. Then, from the kitchen, four Red Dwarfs carry a huge roast, cooked in its own juices, tender and succulent. Each Narnian is served a thick slice, dripping in a hearty brown gravy. And there are long strips of steak, carefully broiled over the wood fires, tureens of gloriously smooth mashed potatoes laden with melted yellow butter, and many vegetables to choose from: fresh corn on the cob, delicately steamed asparagus, and peas that are still in their shells. On the side, there are freshly baked dinner rolls, piping hot, with butter and just a bit of orange marmalade.

Even as you chew a final bite of roast, you see the doors to the kitchen opening again. Two of Mrs. Beaver's helpers carry a tray full of cantaloupes and melons. Each melon has been cut in half, and a large scoop of home-made vanilla ice cream put where the seeds would be. There are even chocolate-frosted cupcakes for the younger Talking Animals. And finally Mrs. Beaver herself leaves the kitchen carrying a deep pan. Before you see it, you recognize the wonderfully wholesome smell of peach cobbler. Mrs. Beaver dishes out generous servings, and you finish it all off with a large glass of creamy milk. Never have you tasted anything so delicious!

When everyone is finished, Tumnus — his stomach bulging — gets to his feet to make a toast. "My fellow Narnians, I pay special tribute to someone who saved Narnia from a great peril. Were it not for the child to my left, we would not be enjoying this feast and the company of one another. I...I was too slow to see the threat to Narnia. This only shows that we need to have a human to rule our land."

You hear a Badger in the back say, "Hear, Hear!"

Tumnus waves him to silence. "So I offer this toast to the future monarch of Narnia!" All along the table, glasses clink.

You are, understandably, embarrassed. Even if the Narnians do need a human to be King or Queen (something you don't really believe), you're not sure you're cut out for the job. What if you grew evil, like the Witch, once you occupied a position of power? Besides, you like it more when your friends treat you as an equal, neither worse nor better than they.

On the other hand, maybe you do deserve to become ruler of Narnia. After all, you did save the day. And it would be fun to be royalty, with plenty of servants to do whatever you wanted them to. And the jewelry and gems; more treasure than anyone could imagine! And most importantly, you could have power.

The Narnians are all waiting to see your reaction to Tumnus' toast.

- *If you tell them you cannot become their monarch,* ***turn to 101.***
- *If you think that you should rule Narnia,* ***turn to 398.***

394

Taking the sandwich, the She-bear passes it under Slumberfur's long nose. It begins to twitch, and his eyes slowly open. Before he can snatch the food, the She-bear whips it out of reach, forcing Slumberfur to stretch for it. With a lazy yawn, the immense He-bear is awake! *Erase the sandwich from your Character Record.* ***Turn to 273.***

395

As the Werewolf leaps, you dodge to the right, narrowly avoiding its teeth. The Werewolf's glowing eyes narrow. Slowly, you circle around the creature, maneuvering in front of Mr. Tumnus. But before you quite get there, the Werewolf jumps at you again. This time you move too slowly to get out of the way, and the beast knocks you to the ground. Then it all blurs in a flurry of fur, claws, and fangs. The Werewolf bites your leg, then it cuffs you hard across the chin. The last thing you see is the beast pulling back a claw for a mighty, final strike. ***Pick a number*** *and add your Inner Strength bonus:*

- *If 2-7,* ***turn to 309.***
- *If 8-12,* ***turn to 281.***

396

You'd like to leave now, but it would silly not to assemble as large an army as possible. Trailhunter introduces you to the rest of his company while everyone nervously waits for the rest of the Talking Animals to arrive.

Suddenly, the blast of a trumpet shatters the morning stillness, and a column of Narnians gallop out of the forest and up the hillside. At their head is Terrus; four other Centaurs, three Talking Horses, and a Unicorn follow him. Sharptalon the Eagle and all the Talking Hawks and Falcons of Narnia fly and swoop overhead.

Terrus gallops up. "Hail, your Majesty. We came as quick as the wind once we heard of your plight. I assume the wicked forces have flown?"

You nod, quickly telling Terrus of the events you witnessed and of the return of the White Witch. "Then we must defeat her in battle. To Cair Paravel!" he cries. With you and Terrus in the lead, the Narnians start down the hill. At the bottom, Terrus places a hand on your shoulder.

"I will go ahead with the swiftest creatures to serve as vanguard." Motioning to his little band, Terrus gallops off to lead the column. In the Centaur's wake, progress is rapid and Cair Paravel is soon in sight. Trailhunter lifts his ears at the sounds of battle. ***Turn to 110.***

397

You take the talisman from the woman's trembling fingers. The moment your fingers touch it, they grow deathly cold. The chill spreads up your arm to your shoulder, then to your chest. When it reaches your head, you cannot keep awake. Before you fall asleep the woman cackles, "The Warlock will be so pleased!" You have been captured! ***Turn to 225.***

398

Are you sure you should rule Narnia?

- *If your Inner Strength bonus is greater than 0,* ***turn to 400.***
- *Otherwise,* ***turn to 401.***

399

The She-bear spoke! At first you thought your mind was playing tricks, but as she continues to talk, all your doubts disappear. Interrupting her (she is saying, "I can't believe it happened in my cave..."), you almost shout, "You can talk!"

Hivefinder (that's her name) seems taken aback, and the two cubs duck behind her legs. She squints through still-tired eyes. "Of course I can speak — I'm a Talking Beast, aren't I?"

This is too much for you. Of all the remarkable things you hoped to find in the cave, you had not even considered a talking She-bear. You realize that Hivefinder is waiting for an answer. "Well, yes, I mean, no..." you fumble.

"Child, have you never been to Narnia before?"

"Narnia?" Understanding her is like trying to learn multiplication, grammar, and long division all on one day.

The She-bear sighs, and her voice takes on a maternal tone. "Let me explain. Narnia is the country of Aslan." Though you have never heard this word "Aslan" before, somehow it warms your blood to hear the She-bear say it, and you listen eagerly as she goes on. "In Narnia, the animals can talk — well, some of them anyway. There are Dwarfs and Fauns, and the tree spirits fill the forest. But not everyone's good, mind you. There are Hags and Werewolves, too. Are there any of them in your world?" You can only shake your head dumbly. "Well, no loss. And Narnia is a land ruled by a child of Adam and Eve, or at least it should be."

Slowly the clues fall into place. Somehow, the cave must lead from your world to this one. And here — in Narnia — the animals can truly talk, and there are all sorts of magical creatures. How wonderful (and a little bit frightening).

Suddenly Hivefinder lifts you clean off the ground to give you a furry bear-hug. "Oh, child, thank Aslan you are here at last! All the beasts of Narnia will rejoice." ***Turn to 198.***

400

The truth is clear. Being a leader is more than giving orders and wearing jewels. A ruler must be experienced. Normally, when you make a mistake, the only person who might suffer for it is you. But when the leader of a country makes a mistake, all the citizens suffer. You don't think it would be fair to the Narnians to make them pay for your mistakes, and so you don't really think you should be their leader. ***Turn to 101.***

401

Even if you aren't going to rule Narnia, it would be impolite to tell the Talking Animals now. And it might be fun. Anyway, there will be plenty of time to make up your mind. After Tumnus' toast, the feast slowly winds down, and the Narnians begin to go home. The rigors of the long day have left you exhausted, and soon you excuse yourself. Latherpaw shows you to your bedroom, where you put on your nightclothes and lie down. Much later that evening, a deep growling disturbs your sleep. At first, you think you are imagining it, but it is too loud to be just a dream. You sit up and open your eyes. To your delight, Aslan stands at the foot of the bed.

But the Lion looks sad, and your warm greeting dies on your lips. "Child," says Aslan heavily. "You must know in your heart that you are not ready lead a country."

"But the animals said they needed a human monarch..."

"And Narnia will have one. But their new king will not come for many years." Aslan's voice softens. "And now, child, it is time for you to return home — someone is waiting for you. And when you return to your world, remember what you have learned in this one." ***Turn to 161.***

402

Ripkin looks exceptionally pleased with himself. "Here's the child, just as I promised. Is everything else ready?"

A voice rises out of the darkness. "We are moving quickly, Dwarf. But preparing for this is not as simple as raising posies. Tie the child up."

Needless to say, this sounds a bit strange. Ripkin is talking about you like a sewing machine (as Mrs. Beaver would say), and whoever is in the darkness doesn't sound much better. You start to get up, but feel a hot, furry hand on your shoulder. A horrible, grey voice whispers, "You'll be going nowhere, your Worship." Shivers fly up and down your spine!

The voice from the shadows sounds urgent: "Careful! We need the child alive." Nodding to the hidden speaker, the old woman approaches you with rope in hand.

- *If you try to fight,* ***turn to 279.***
- *If you go peacefully,* ***turn to 289.***

403

After what seems merely an instant, you hear the night watchman call out, "Twelve o'clock — Midnight — and all is well." You feel extraordinarily tired, but glad for what little sleep you did get. Rubbing your bleary eyes, you haul yourself out of bed, then stand and stretch. Carefully making the bed (how proud your mother would be), you take off your night-clothes and get dressed. ***Turn to 276.***

404

You and Trailhunter follow the river eastward toward the sea and Cair Paravel. Not ten minutes from the mudslide, you and the Bloodhound meet a Stag accompanied by a young Buck. To your surprise, they have not heard that you, a child of Adam and Eve, are in Narnia.

"What?" asks a bemused Trailhunter. "Hasn't word reached the castle that the child is in Narnia?"

"Nay, 'twould be quite a surprise to Regent Tumnus and the rest if they heard." The Stag looks puzzled. "Why? Have you sent messages to that effect?"

"No. I just assumed that the Squirrels would spread the word. But everyone must've thought that Cair Paravel had already heard the news, and old gossip isn't worth much. Trust the Squirrels to make a mistake like that." Trailhunter turns to you and smiles. "Well, your Majesty, it looks like your arrival will be a surprise after all. The look on Tumnus' face'll be worth the whole trip." Waving good-bye to the two deer, you and Trailhunter walk onward.

By midday, you reach the Fords of Beruna. Although it is possible to wade across — at the price of getting your clothes wet — there is a ferry run by Water Rats. The Rats also guide small flatbottom boats upriver or down to the ocean. One of them, Brinetooth by name, waves to Trailhunter.

"So, Trailhunter, what have we here?" The Rat puffs a tiny corn-cob pipe stuck between its teeth. "Is this the child of Adam and Eve that you're bringing to the Cair?"

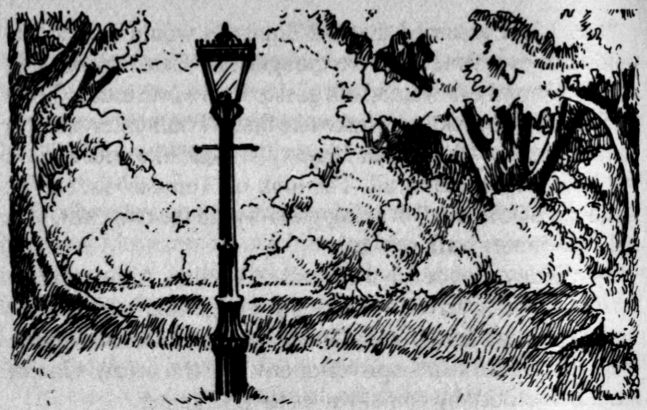
"You seem to know more than most."

"Every traveler has his story, as the story goes."

Trailhunter turns to you. "Your Majesty, we've got to make a choice. We can continue overland to Cair Paravel along this road or one of these Rats to might take us by boat."

Brinetooth bows expansively. "You'd be as safe as if you were in a cradle."

- *If you want to go by land,* ***turn to 302.***
- *If you want to go by sea,* ***turn to 325.***
- *If you ask the Bloodhound's advice,* ***turn to 189.***



405

Whispering for him to wait, you leave Fleetfoot along the side of the road and sneak into the woods, trying to be as quiet as possible. As you top the final ridge, the river valley comes into view.

The Fords are a disaster: most of the small ferries and boats have been sunk, and the once-sturdy pier is a shambles. Still worse, the very earth has been rent and torn. The river bank swarms with evil creatures; there are wolves on the prowl and a small company of Black Dwarfs with digging tools. Amidst it all stands a tall, one-eyed man with a Y-shaped stick in his hands. He looks familiar — was he the man you glimpsed in the courtyard last night? Holding the stick in front of him, he walks up and down the river bank, pointing to the ground at intervals. A pair of Dwarfs dig at each of these points on his command.

From where you crouch, it is impossible to hear what they are saying. Should you sneak closer?

- *If you stay where you are,* ***turn to 103.***
- *If you try to get closer to them,* ***turn to 338.***

406

"Lay on, brutes!" you cry as you charge the evil creatures.

Pick a number *and add your Fighting bonus:*

- *If 2-8,* ***turn to 173.***
- *If 9-12,* ***turn to 178.***

407

As you near the castle, you can see why the Narnians think it's haunted. It stands in a sparse plain between two barren hills and seems to be all towers, with spires as sharp as needles. A grey cloud hangs over it, and the trees closest to its walls are stunted and leafless.

Fleetfoot trembles with every step closer. Finally the Pony stops altogether. "Your Majesty, I'm sorry, but I daren't go any further."

You would rather not go in either, but it seems to be the only way to save Narnia. "That's fine," you say as you dismount. "But wait here for me until I come out. I won't be long." You resolutely stride up the hill to the castle wall.

Up close, the castle seems even more intimidating than it did from a distance. Still worse, it is beginning to get dark, and a chilling wind howls down the valley.

Resolving not to be frightened (although you are really quite afraid), you clamber over the rubble into the courtyard. The castle is obviously deserted — ivy has grown up over the walls and the cobblestones are choked with weeds. Even the well looks as if it hasn't been used for decades. Walking quietly across the courtyard, you at last stand on the threshold of the Witch's Castle. After taking a deep breath, you push open the iron door and step in.

The hall is dank and cold — smelling of decay. There is a massive iron throne at the other end, and the corners are filled with cobwebs. Down a side corridor, a great staircase leads up into one of the towers. Well, you have to start somewhere! ***Turn to 297.***

Notes

NARNIA
WILD LANDS of the NORTH
CAIR PARAVEL
GLASSWATER
BRUNWATER
GREAT RIVER
BAY OF SCHOLARS
ARCHENLAND
WESTERN WASTE
BEAVERDAM
WHITE WITCH'S CASTLE

WILD LANDS of the NORTH
W
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WHITE WITCH'S CASTLE
ETINSMOOR
THE SEVEN ISLES
GREAT RIVER
LANTERN WASTE
NARNIA
BERUNA
GALMA
CAIR PARAVEL
GLASSWATER
TOREBINTHIA
ARCHENLAND
ANVARD
RIVER WINDING
desert
CALORMEN
A MAP OF NARNIA

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Character Record

Name:

Skill	Bonus
Fighting	_____
Trickery	_____
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Talking	_____
Perception	_____
Inner Strength	_____

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NARNIA
LANDS of the NORTH
WILD LANDS
GALMAR
BARBAR
GLASSWATER
BRUNA
SCIONE
ARCHENLAND
WESTERN WASTE
BEAVER DAM
WHITE CASTLE

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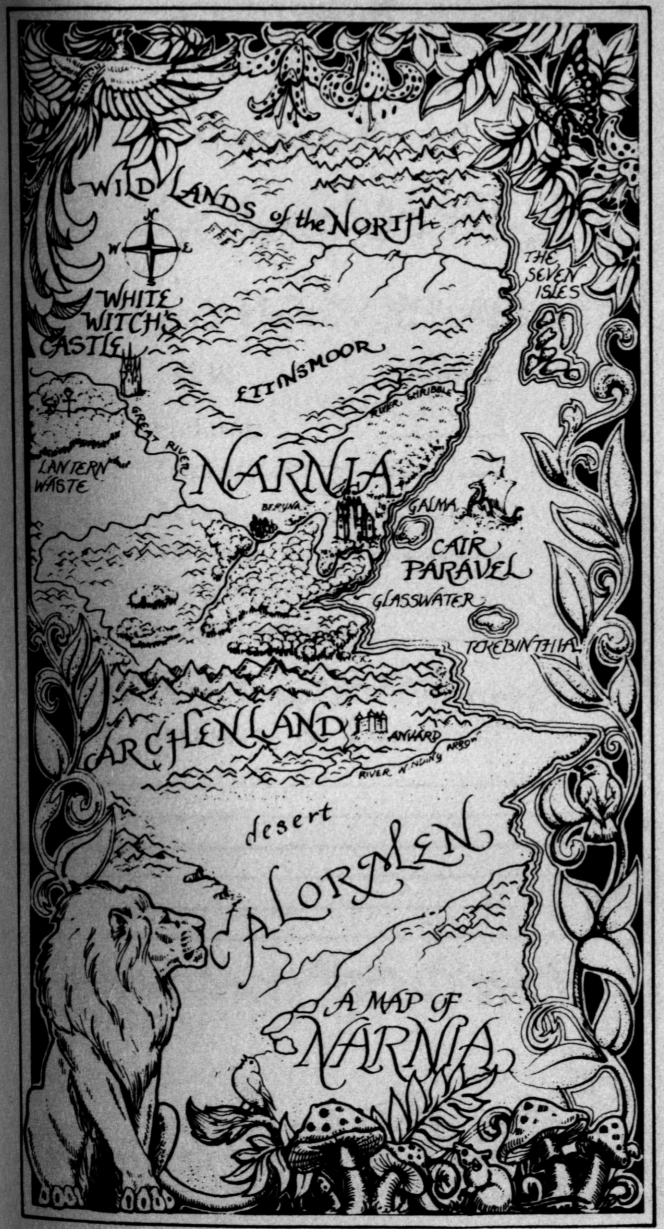
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A MAP OF NARNIA

NOTES

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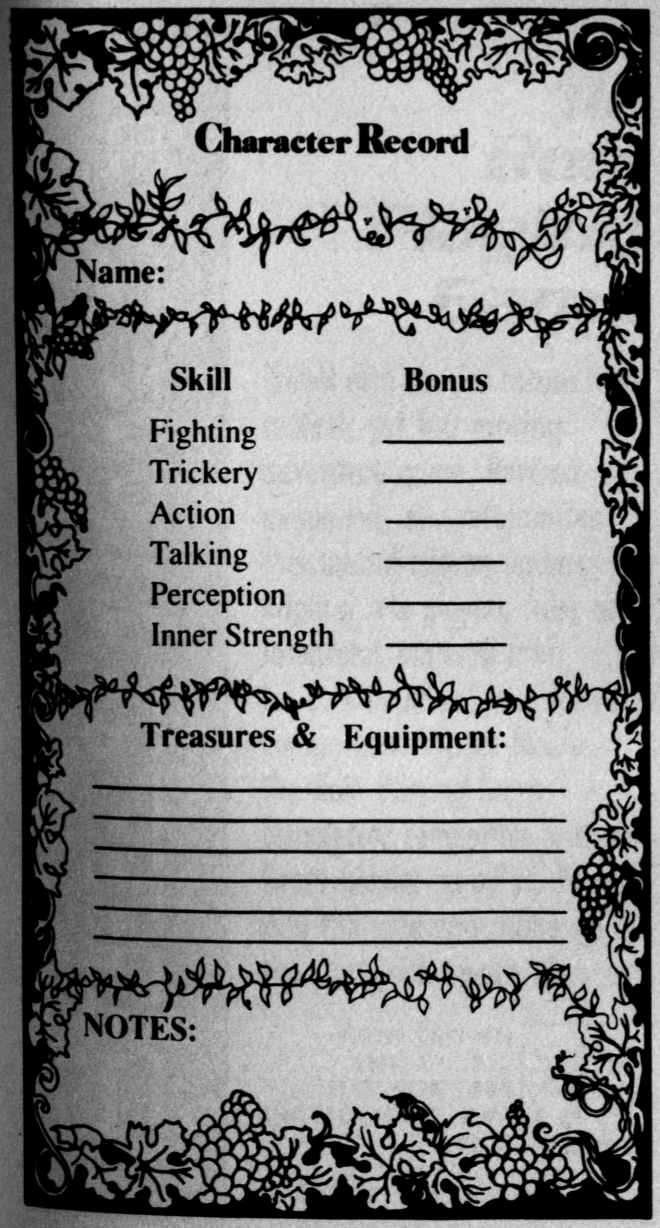
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